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SONG.

A maiden stood in the gay greenwood,
The fairest of all things there,
And her face was mild as the face of a child,
With the sun on her golden hair:
Her head was bent, and her gaze intent
On the leaves she plucked from a flower,
And they floated down to the edge of the gown,
As snow flakes fall in a shower.

She breathed a spell as each leaflet fell,
In a voice that was soft and low;
"Oh! flow'ret, tell, does he love me well?
Ah! will it be yes, or no?"
She plucked each leaf, in the fond belief
It would tell her her future lot,
But the last leaf came, and she murmured his name:
"Ah, Harry, you love me not."

But Harry was nigh, and heard her cry,
And his face was alive with glee;
And his glance was bright and his laughter light,
As he stept from the old elm tree.
He looked in her face with a lover's grace,
As he sought her hand to press,
And the rest of the song, not to make it too long,
Is a riddle for you to guess.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

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CHAPTER XXVII.

GAINING FREEDOM.

In so much as concerned the treatment of the prisoners left with the main party of savages, the departure of Blodget was a blessing to them—for rude, brutal and cruel though these children of the forest might be, they at least could not torture the souls of their captives with maddening words more difficult to be borne than blows.

These Indians, however, in justice to them be it said, did not in the present instance seem disposed to conduct themselves with any undue severity toward those under their charge. They shared their morning meal with them—unbinding their hands so that they might feed themselves—standing guard over them while they did so—and then, as a necessary act of prudence, securing them again, but in a manner to give them far less pain than before. Colburn and Hampton, both extremely dejected, though with feelings perhaps as different as light and darkness, ate little, and that rather through force than desire; but Tom bolted his portion with a gusto and zeal that amused the savages not a little. True to his assertion, Blodget had spoken some favorable words of the old woodman; and the savages, elated with their success since coming into the country, and having no personal ill-will laid up against him, were now in the humor to treat him with comparative leniency. They tied his hands behind his back again, it is true; but they took care to put the cord in a new place, where it would not give him so much pain as before, and only drew it reasonably tight. And then one of the chiefs went so far as to pat him on the head, and say, in his broken English:

"White bradder good Injun make!"

"Ef I couldn't make a thundering sight better one nor some of the white hellyuns you've got amongst ye," grinned Tom, "I'd guv you leave to roast me fust and bile me arterward! Wagh!"

The Indian laughed, though he only imperfectly understood him; and turning to his companions, he said something to them, at which they laughed also.

In the course of half-an-hour after the departure of Blodget and his party, the main body of savages, numbering about twenty in all, resumed their route to the northward, all riding except the prisoners and a couple who kept along on foot with them to act as a special guard. To the left of them, at no great distance, was the Kentucky river. They did not attempt to follow the windings of that stream, however, but rather aimed for a middle course between that and the Licking, as leading more directly through a wilderness where there were no formidable stations, and only at the most a few isolated settlers. They had no purpose in view now except to reach the Ohio without molestation and cross over to the safer shore, which they expected to do by means of a raft, to be constructed on the bank after their arrival, for the journey back to where they had left their canoes was too far and difficult to be thought of at all.

The prisoners were now allowed to walk near enough together to converse with each other, which, thanks to the lenient disposition of their guard, was not forbidden, and Tom was the first to avail himself of the liberty. Looking at the distressed and haggard face of Henry, he attempted, in his rude way, to offer him what consolation he could.

"It's powerful hard, lad," he said, in a sympathetic tone, and with his rough features softening and his eyes filling with tears, "for you to bear up agin all the trouble that's come upon you; but cheer up, Harry, and never say die! for whar's the use?"

"Oh, Tom," groaned Henry, in a low, tremulous voice, with his bloodless lips fairly quivering, but still keeping under, by a master effort of his will, emotions that seemed as if they would rend his soul from its earthly tenement: "oh, Tom, only to think, after all my pain, peril, anxiety and sufferings, of mind and body, beyond even the tortures which savages have power to inflict, that I should again have her in my arms, and experience a few minutes of such earthly happiness as I had never before known, and then see her suddenly snatched from me, and subsequently borne off to a doom a thousand thousand times worse than death, without the power to even so much as to lift a hand in her defence! Oh, my God! my God! how do I bear up against it and live!"

"It's powerful hard, Harry, I know," returned Tom; "powerful hard; but then I spect it arn't quite so bad as you makes it out—no, sir! Ef the gal war dead, thar'd be a end to hoping, you see; but now thar's a chance as so'thing 'll turn up and fotch it all out right at last. That thar devil as tuk her off won't kill her—and t'other devil as went arter her won't—and so (lowering his voice till only Henry's ear could catch the words) when we gits away, we'll hunt her up, and you'll see happy times yit."

"When we get away?" repeated Henry, in a low, guarded tone, looking wonderingly at Tom; "have you any hope of that?"

"In course I has," answered Tom, with confidence; "d'yer think these yere ripscallion niggers is agwine to keep us all our lives? Not of I knows myself! Shagh!"

At this moment Hampton, who had been walking some distance ahead of our friends, observing them in close and confidential conversation, slackened his pace till they came up with him.

"Git out, you infarnal white nigger devil you," growled Tom, "or I'll smash your skull in the fust chance I git! All this yere devilish business we owes to you; and all the satisfaction I gits out of it ar', that you'll git what belongs to you afore long!"

"It was you that drove me to it!" muttered Hampton. "In a moment of anger, at the manner I had been treated, I was tempted to join the Indians; but I subsequently repented, and the first opportunity I got I ran off from them, with the young lady, intending to take her home to her father; but she, being distrustful of me, frustrated my good intentions, and ran away from me, and in following her I was caught, as it seems she and you were too shortly afterward."

"Go away!" said Tom, quietly but sternly, accompanying the words with a look there was no mistaking; "go away, or I shall hurt you! for ef my hands is bound my feet arn't, and I'm a rigerlar hoss at kicking. Go away! I don't want to speak to you, and I don't want you to speak to me! Whar's the use?"

Evidently Hampton thought his company not wanted, and that something disagreeable might possibly happen should he venture to remain; and so, with a drooping head and downcast look, he moved sullenly away, and walked on by himself—the Indian guard not interfering with either of the parties, but keeping them under a sharp *surveillance*.

"Tell me, Tom," said Henry, as soon as he could again speak without being overheard by a third party, "what chance there can possibly be of our getting away from our captors?"

"Oh, thar'll so'thing turn up, Harry, arter a while," answered the other, rather from a hope than from any settled plan of his own. "You see these yere savages is beginning to let up on us a leetle; and af we keeps along kind o' docile, they'll let up on us a leetle more, and a leetle more, by degrees like, till thar'll so'thing come on't sure!"

"Then it is into the far future you are looking!" groaned Henry; "and the awful present is so all important to me! Oh God, give me strength to bear up under this weight of misery that is crushing me!" he prayed.

"Well, you see, my dear feller," pursued Tom, "it mayn't be so fur off as you thinks, arter all! My hands arn't tied so tight as they war; and of I kin jest manage so's to git 'em free, without the red niggers knowing on't, I'll guv 'em the dodge somewhar; and then good-by old Injun; for the two-legged critter as kin catch and hold me, arter I've had ten rod the start, kin set hisself up in the chain-lightning business—yes, sir!"

"But then, Tom, if you were free, I should still be a prisoner!"

"Would ye? how long? Heaven and 'arth, younker! d'yer think I wouldn't hev the half of Kaintuck arter these yere devils, but what I'd fotch you out el'ar?"

"And meantime what would become of poor Isaline?" groaned Henry. "No, no, Tom, my good, stanuch friend, if ever you get away, give not a thought to me till you have saved Isaline Holcombe! for what is life to me without her? Nothing! nothing! Oh, Tom, I do not think of myself, only for her sweet sake! I would gladly lay down my life now, at any moment, to save and restore her to the arms of her father!"

"And does you spect she keers as much for you as you does for her?" asked the other.

"Oh, yes! I cannot doubt it, after the evidence I have received!"

"Then," rejoined the sagacious woodman, "what does you spect her life 'ud be wo'th to her of you was dead, hey?"

"True! true! she would be miserable!" sighed Henry.

"Then don't talk about dying, like a sick calf, younker, for whar's the use?"

"Still, Tom, you must save her first—promise me that you will!"

"Ef you could git away too, Harry, it would all be right!"

"Oh, if I could!"

Tom mused, and remained silent for some time. At length he seemed to start, as if with a happy thought.

"I've got a idee!" he said; "but may be it's like a good many more I've had in my time—not good for nothing!"

"What is it?" asked Henry.

"You knows you is some on finikies, hey?"

"Drawing—sketching—you mean?"

"Yes, pictur' finikies."

"Well?"

"Wall, what become of all them as you had?"

"I do not know. They were in the pocket of my hunting-frock, and my first captors took possession of that. Probably they were thrown away."

"What become of your coat?"

"I cannot say. It was worn a while, and then I lost sight of it. In fact I had enough else to think of besides that."

"I don't believe it war throwed away," mused Tom, "and arter them niggers jined these, it moughtbev been pitched into the gineral pile."

"But why do you ask about it?"

"Was your finiky fixings along with the pictur's?"

"My drawing materials were."

"Wall, you see, Harry, I've got a idee, which ar' this: that ef you could git them things showed up afore the Injuns somehow, so's to make 'em curi's about 'em, and then git 'em to free your hands and you tickle 'em up with some o' thar cussed ugly faces, I arn't sartin but they'd make a pet o' you."

"Tom, it is a good idea!" said Henry, brightening.

"Ef you could git your finikies to work a leetle he-yar, and git away from these imps by sich like arterwards, it moughtpay up for some of the time you've fooled away afore this!" said Tom, with the satisfied air of a man who was turning a worthless matter to some account.

"If I only had my liberty, I could do something with a burnt stick and a piece of bark, even without my drawing materials," said Henry; "and if the Indians would only give me some of their paints and a chance to work, I would soon astonish them."

"Nothing like trying it on," returned Tom; "and so s'pose you opens on these yere foot-niggers fust, and sees what you kin do with them."

"I hardly know how to begin, but the first opportunity I have I will try," said Henry.

He did try with his guard; but as they could only understand and speak a few of the most simple and common English words, and as his hands were bound so that he could make no explanatory gestures, he did not succeed in getting them to comprehend him, and again became terribly depressed with grief and despair.

"Shagh!" grunted Tom, in one of his efforts to raise his spirits; "never say die, man! whar's the use? I tell you thar'll so'thing turn up, or else I'll swaller myself!"

The Indians kept steadily on, over a rough section of the country—up hill and down—through thickets and open woods—now and then crossing a small creek or stream, and never once halting for rest till the sun was within an hour of the horizon. Then they tethered and put their horses to graze, and the most expert hunters flew off in different directions to shoot game, there being but little meat left and that not in the best condition. By dark the hunters had all returned, bringing with them a sufficient quantity of venison, some bear meat, and also some corn, which had been collected from a field they had chanced upon. A large fire was now kindled, and soon the savages were in good humor over what they considered a feast.

When they had finished their own meal, they unbound their prisoners again and offered them all they could eat. It was now that, taking advantage of his liberty, Henry addressed them in the most simple words he could find, accompanied with appropriate gestures, describing his power of drawing, not only scenes but faces. They did not altogether comprehend him at first; but they understood something—enough to excite their curiosity to know more; and taking advantage of this favorable impression, he advanced to the fire, selected the stick best suited to his purpose, drew it forth, put out the blaze, and, using the charred end on the inside of a large strip of bark that he found lying on the ground, he, with a few artistic strokes, sketched a rough but unmistakable outline of the whole savage group. It was a mere rude delineation, which rather suggested to the fancy than brought to the view; but it surprised and delighted the Indians, who (not being now in council and required to keep up an austere dignity) expressed their wonder and admiration freely, and desired the artist to proceed and give them something more of the same kind.

It now occurred to Henry that his coat might possibly be among the pile of clothing they had been bringing along as a part of their plunder, and that possibly some of his former sketches and drawing materials might be in its pocket still; and so, by words and signs, he made the savages understand enough to grant him the privilege of searching. To his great joy he found his coat, thus proving that his captors had preserved it even during their hurried flight and had afterward thrown it among the general stock. He eagerly thrust his hand into the pocket—but, to his great disappointment, found nothing there—and he was about to lay the garment down, with a pang of sorrow, when he heard something like the rustling of papers, and discovered a bulky mass between the outer cloth and the lining, at the bottom of one of the skirts. Instantly thrusting his hand back into the pocket, he still found it whole; but near it was a rent in the lining, through which, in his haste, when on the little island, he had probably dropped the articles. Quickly pushing his hand through this, down to the bottom of the skirt, he now, with inexpressible joy, because of his hope of ultimate freedom, drew forth a bundle of his pictures, with two or three pencils and some white paper. Neither the drawings nor the paper were in a perfect condition, for they had been somewhat damaged by the long time they had remained submerged in the waters of the Licking; but still they would answer his purpose; and when he showed them to the Indians, they evinced a delight, in looks, gestures and words, that perfectly satisfied him. Among these sketches was the one, not quite finished, which he was drawing at the time he first discovered the Indians who subsequently became his captors; and the sight of that beautiful scene, with the recollection of how sweetly happy he had been there with his dear Isaline, even while fearing danger, now filled his soul with such emotions as made his brain reel and his whole frame quiver. Among these sketches, also, was the one of the night-duel, with the so-called Phantom leaping down from the tree in pursuit of Hampton, and this interested the savages very much. They readily guessed at the meaning of the mysterious figure—for one of the chiefs said to the artist, putting his finger on it as he spoke:

"Watchemenetoc! Devil!"

"Yes," said Henry, tapping his own breast, "and I saw it!"

Having examined all the pictures, with such signs of approbation as might have flattered a more ambitious man, the savages intimated that they wanted to see him do something new; and though his hands were somewhat swollen and sore, from the manner in which they had been corded, he was not slow to comply with their request.

He selected the principal or oldest chief, and made a sketch of his face and figure by the fire-light, and with such success that it was immediately recognized by all the warriors, who were so delighted that they laughed, and tapped Henry on the shoulder, and grunted out the English word "Good!" which they many times repeated.

The chief was quite proud of the drawing, and carried it around in triumph, and then each of the others wanted to have his likeness taken in the same way.

Henry drew two more of the head warriors, or chiefs, with quite as much success as the first, and then signified that he was very much fatigued and sleepy.

Though the savages would gladly have kept him employed all night, they now forbore to press him any further, but gave him his supper, and treated him with something like respect. They were evidently highly pleased with him, and already the idea of adopting him had begun to take the place of burning him; and when he signified his wish to lie down, they seemed to hesitate about securing him in so ignominious and cruel a manner as before. They finally, after a brief consultation, pointed to a spot in the centre of the camp, and permitted him to lie down without any bonds at all, though some half-a-dozen warriors stretched themselves out on every side of him. He had no opportunity to exchange any further words with Tom; but he managed to get a glance at his friend's eye, and saw by its gleam that the old woodman was highly delighted with his success thus far.

Tom, too, was treated with more leniency than before—for instead of having his hands bound behind his back, a ligature was merely passed around each wrist, and the other end of each cord fastened to the wrist of a warrior on each side of him, so that the slightest movement of his arms would draw upon theirs and give them timely notice; while, on the contrary, Hampton was as effectually and painfully secured as on the previous night.

When the camp had finally become still, Henry pretended to fall asleep, though never wider awake and with all his senses more keenly on the alert. He had already, he felt, made a great stride toward freedom; and he was now resolved, if there should be any opportunity for escape, to take advantage of it at whatever risk. He listened to every sound and noted every breath, his heart the while beating wildly with hope and fear.

About midnight, as near as he could judge, he gently raised himself to a sitting posture and looked over the still forms of his foes, stretched out all around him. The fire had gone down, the night was cloudy, and everything seemed favorable to his escape, provided he could get beyond the sleeping warriors without disturbing them. But though wildly eager for liberty—even more on Isaline's account than his own—he could not bear the thought of leaving behind him his faithful friend Tom—for the anger of the savages at his escape might be vented on the brave woodman and his life be sacrificed; and yet for both to get away, under the circumstances, seemed next to an impossibility. If Tom were free of his bonds, it would be a different matter; but what chance was there that he could liberate him without rousing some of the usually light sleepers? And yet he was tempted, strongly tempted, to make the dangerous attempt. He knew where Tom was lying—only a few feet divided them; but then, between the two, were several grim warriors; and how hope to pass over them without disturbing them? and how set him free, even if he should reach him? If he only had a knife! But then, why not have one? since every savage, on either side of him, had one in his belt.

With this thought and this hope, Henry quietly sunk back to his place on the ground and stretched himself out at full length as at first. Then he stole his hand, very slowly and softly, to the belt of the nearest Indian, and, with a wonderful delicacy of touch, felt for the weapon. When at length his fingers came in contact with what he sought, he fancied he could hear his own heart beat; and as he slowly, slowly, slowly drew forth the sharp steel, he fairly held his breath. At last it was in his hand, and the savage had not stirred; and then what an earnest prayer of thanksgiving he breathed! and how fervently he prayed that God would aid him to accomplish a purpose of which the holiest angels must approve! Then he sat up again and looked around him in the dim light; and still finding all quiet, he slowly rose to his feet and began to step over the sleeping bodies with the greatest care. Now some two or three of the savages turned over, with the peculiar grunts or groans of disturbed sleepers, and Henry stopped, with his heart in his mouth. His purpose though was fixed. If discovered, he would fly—bound away for his chances in the dark, surrounding wood, come life or come death! But no one discovered him. Stealthily his feet were carried over the prostrate forms, and silently brought down beside them, till he reached Tom, who quietly lifted and nodded his head, to show that he was awake and saw him. Here was the critical point—now was the critical moment. If he could only liberate Tom, and both gain the wood, then farewell to Indian captivity, even though death should menace in a thousand different forms. He bent down over his friend, with his knife in his hand. He felt carefully for the cord on one side, found it, and severed it. One arm was free, and that arm was instantly raised and the knife grasped by Tom. Henry understood him, yielded up his weapon, and glided away. Just beyond the circle of sleeping warriors, the young artist paused and looked back. His heart beat almost audibly as he saw a shadowy figure gliding toward him; and the next moment his very soul was thrilled with joy as he felt the cordial pressure of Tom's hand in his.

Both were free, thank God! both!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BACK TRAIL.

Stealthily and silently gliding away together, as if one unspoken thought were actuating both, our two friends put some fifty yards between them and the Indians; and then Tom stopped, threw his brawny arms around Henry, and almost hugged the breath out of him.

"You done it glorious, boy, and I'd like to yell out my feelings!" he whispered.

"Don't do it, Tom! for why incur needless risk?" returned Henry, warningly.

"Risk be blawed," rejoined Tom, "with us he-yar in the woods and so much start of them niggers! I arn't afeared of risk; but I've got another reason. We've got to hev a couple of guns and some hosses. Whar's the use agwine afoot, like a couple of white beggars, hey?"

"Oh, Tom," said Henry, somewhat nervously, "do not forget the fearful danger we must incur if we attempt such a thing! We have recovered our liberty almost by a miracle, and it would be flying in the very face of Heaven not to make use of it now!"

"That's jest what I thinks!" answered Tom, with the perverseness of a bold, stubborn fellow. "Ef we cl'ars out now, and don't use our chances, whar's the use of having 'em? Harry, you done it glorious!" he pursued, giving the young man another regular bear hug; "and ef ever I says ary thing more agin your fool finikies, jest feed me on turkey buzzards till I git sense. Wagh! wooth! wagh! How you tickled up the old paint-faces! Lord! of I only could squat down he-yar and yell it out!"

"Tom, Tom, my dear friend," said Henry, in a reproving tone, "you seem to forget where we are, and what dangers still surround us!"

"No, I don't, Harry; but I never knowed you so skeered afore."

"Because you never saw me, Tom, when I felt such a weight of responsibility resting on my soul. Think of Isaline, Tom—think of Isaline!"

"That's a fact, Harry, and I gave up the laughing business to once."

"Come, then, let us hasten away from here before the Indians miss us."

"What! without guns or hosses? and them so near?" returned Tom. "No, sir, younker, I can't do it! See he-yar, lad—why didn't I cuts the throats of them devils as I war bound to, arter I'd got the knife, hey?"

"Because you would have perilled the safety of us both!" replied Henry. "I hope you did not even contemplate anything so rash!"

"I'd a done it," pursued Tom, "only for one thing—I knowed we'd git the hull camp up arter us, and we'd not git nary hoss, and you knows I has a hankering that way."

"Tom, my dear friend," returned Henry, "do not, for Heaven's sake, drive me wild with any insane freak of yours now! You have seen me suffer—but you know little of what I have suffered after all. How I have retained my senses, is more than I can understand; but the good God has spared me and given me my freedom, and you should be the last person in the world to peril it!"

"Look a he-yar, Harry," returned Tom, "I sees you is making a mistake about me, and I'm agwine to put you right. You've got your freedom, haint you?"

"So far I have—yes."

"Wall, what else you got?" queried Tom.

"I do not understand you, Tom."

"No, I sees you don't; and I'm agwine to make you, ef I kin. How does you spect we is agwine to make our tracks through the wilderness, and come it over the devils we is arter, of we don't hev some way to ride as well as them? and so'thing to fight with and kill game with, hey?"

"But we had better make use of our freedom, and trust the rest to that kind, watchful Providence that has so far protected and preserved us!"

"I've not got nothing to say agin Providence and all that," returned Tom, in a matter-of-fact way; "but ef Providence haint got no objection, I'd rayther hev a gun in my hand and a good hoss under me—yes, sir! Woofh! Whar's the use?"

"So would I rather have a gun and a horse, Tom, if we could get them, but I fear the attempt would result in our destruction."

"You didn't use to be afeared, Harry."

"Nor am I now, Tom, afraid for myself merely; but, for Heaven's sake, remember what we have at stake! and what we are perilling every moment we remain here! Think, my dear friend—only think for a moment—what will become of the colonel's daughter—of poor Isaline Holcombe—if we be captured again!"

"That's jest what I does think on," persisted the other, "and I don't intend the niggers shall hev us agin—no, sir! See he-yar, Harry—ef you don't want to risk it, let me try it alone! I'll be powerful keerful; and ef I haps to raise the camp, jest you put out and make long tracks, and leave me to sarcumvent the Injuns in my own style!"

"No, Tom," said Henry, firmly, "I will not desert you like a coward. If you are resolved to go back, I will go with you and share the danger, for danger there will be. And now tell me, plainly and briefly, what you hope to accomplish?"

Tom explained in a few words. As the Indians were all asleep, and sleeping soundly, he thought he could venture back to the nearest and abstract a couple of their guns, which were lying on the ground alongside of them, and get off without waking them. Then he and Henry could repair to where the horses were tethered, select two of the best, mount them, and escape in the darkness, even should the whole camp then become alarmed.

"The most dangerous part of the exploit will be in securing the guns," said Henry; "but if you are resolved upon the venture, so be it, and let us set about it at once!"

"That's your talk!" returned Tom; "and jest you come along, nigh up and handy like, so's I won't miss you, and leave me to git the guns; and ef I haps to raise a skeer, we'll put off together as we is and let the rest go. I don't see no extra danger in't, Harry."

With this our two friends began, slowly, stealthily and noiselessly, to creep up to the nearest Indians, Tom taking the lead. The night, in the wood where they were, was very dark. This would favor their escape in case of alarm, but at the same time it rendered it very difficult for them to distinguish the forms of the sleepers. When near enough for his purpose, Tom laid his hand upon the arm of Henry, as a signal for him to stop, and then crept forward alone. For a minute or two Henry held his breath in fearful expectation; and then, to his great relief and joy, he perceived the dim, shadowy figure of Tom creeping back to him, with two muskets resting on his shoulder.

"I could hev killed the sleepy dorgs easy," he said, in the lowest possible whisper—a whisper that could not have been heard a foot from the ear of the listener—"but I thought as how they mought screech, or so'thing, and so I didn't, though the old knife war itching to be into 'em!"

"No, no, Tom, let us do nothing rash!" returned Henry, in the same low, guarded manner. "God be thanked you have got away so far with all you sought! and now let us steal off to the horses."

"Not quite yit, Harry," rejoined Tom; "I've forgot so'thing. Wagh! shagh! fool that I war! Whar's the use of the guns without powder and ball, hey? I've got to go back for them."

"Oh, Tom, be contented with what you have, and not risk your life again!" said Henry, fairly trembling at the thought of another perilous venture into the very jaws of death as it were.

"Whar's the use?" grumbled Tom, with dogged determination; "guns won't shoot without powder and ball. I'll fotch 'em, never you fear! The niggers has got thar horns and pouches fastened to 'em—but I've got a knife as kin cut 'em cl'ar in two jiffies. You stay he-yar, and take keer of the guns, and I'll be back in no time."

Henry would have remonstrated further, only that he knew it would be useless, and so he merely said:

"Be careful then, Tom! oh, for the love of God, be careful!"

Tom crept away again, and for another two or three minutes Henry awaited his return with his heart in his mouth. He listened intently for every sound; and once, when the sudden howling of a neighboring wolf came borne to his ear, he started and trembled with the first impression that it was a noise in the camp. All grew still again, and shortly after he was rejoiced at seeing the dark figure of Tom creeping back to him.

"I've done it, younker!" was the triumphant whisper of the old woodman; "he-yar they is; and now we're ready to put out for the hosses and let these yere devils snooze on. When they wakes in the morning and finds we arn't thar, they kin take thar mad out o' Hampton, and be —— to the hull of 'em!"

Only for prudential reasons, Tom would have indulged in a loud, boisterous laugh, at his wonderful success in what he called his "sarcumvintion of the snoozing niggers;" and even as it was, the thought of the trick he had played them, caused him to lie down and shake his sides, though no sound issued from his lips. Henry, as we know, was, for many urgent reasons, most fearfully anxious to be gone, and to him the present mirth of Tom appeared ill-timed and almost cruel.

"Come," he said, bending down and putting his mouth to the ear of his rough friend, "are you not forgetting, in your unseemly mirth, that the colonel's daughter is even now in the hands of cruel, murderous villains?"

"Right, Harry!" returned Tom, at once startling up in a serious mood: "I'm a rigerlar beast to forgit that poor gal! Now then for the hosses, younker, and then we'll make some tracks as these yere devils can't foller!"

He rose to his feet, with all due caution, took one of the guns, and glided away in the direction of the tethered animals, Henry following close behind him.

The horses were found all near together, about a stone's throw from the Indian camp. They had fed to their satisfaction on the rich, rank grass of the charming spot, and most of them were now lying down. Unknown to our friends, two savages had been set to watch the animals; but these fellows, overpowered with drowsiness, had fallen asleep at their posts. Fortunately both Tom and Henry proceeded here with the same silent caution which had already given them so much success. Most of the beasts had been ridden with halters instead of bridles; but there were some half-a-dozen of the latter, which had been stolen from the whites; and these were found in the general pile, where all had been thrown down together, and which our friends happened to stumble upon at the very first. Selecting two of the best bridles, which they did rather by feeling than sight, they glided in among the horses, some of which started up and began to sniff and snuff and snort in a rather alarming manner. The noise woke up the guard, who spoke to the animals in their native tongue, and was the first intimation our friends had of their dangerous proximity. Henry, in view of the vital importance his escape might be to Isaline—still thinking of her rather than of himself, except in so much as his own safety might effect hers—now trembled like an aspen; but Tom remained perfectly cool, though he was not a little alarmed. Fortunately our friends were already among the horses, where the Indians could not perceive them in the thick darkness, and both had the judgment and presence of mind to keep perfectly still, till the nearest animals, having smelt of them to their satisfaction, ceased to show any signs of fear. Then Tom quietly and noiselessly cut the tethers of all near him, and slipped the bridles upon two that he judged to be the best for a race, for speed alone was what he now required. This done, and with the bridle-reins of both in his hands, he began to feel secure, and, as he afterward expressed it, "didn't keer a continental copper how soon the red-nigger camp mought git its back up."

"Harry," he whispered, "I'm agwine to hev a leetle fun he-yar, and do so'thing for our safety too. Jest you hold these yere hosses, whilst I cuts all the ropes; and when we goes, we'll skeer off the hull caboodle, and let the cussed imps hev a hunt for 'em!"

"Be careful that the Indians don't see and fire on you then!" returned Henry, who knew from experience how useless it would be to remonstrate with his companion against one of his whims.

Tom immediately set about his design; and though the space occupied by the horses was not large, it was nearly a quarter of an hour before he returned to the side of the impatient Henry and announced that all was completed.

"Now then, younker, we're ready to guv 'em the dodge—so up with you!" he said.

Henry, as may readily be believed, was not slow to obey an order he had so long and tremblingly waited for, and almost the next moment he was upon the back of a high-mettled beast and beginning to feel as if he were really breathing the air of freedom. Tom was longer in mounting, for his animal suddenly became very restive; but he shortly succeeded in throwing himself upon his back; and then, as if he could no longer restrain his pent-up feelings, he gave one of the loudest and wildest yells ever heard in that region—a yell that was enough to scare the living if not waken the dead—and which went echoing and re-echoing far away among the surrounding hills. It frightened the beasts, alarmed the guard, and roused up the camp; and the next minute there was a scene of the wildest confusion—horses running, Indians yelling and firing at random, and Tom shouting and laughing, as with his companion he dashed swiftly away.

For the first five minutes the flying fugitives might have been traced by the shouts, yells and laughter of Tom, who could not contain himself.

"Go it, old paint-faces—waw! haw! waw!" he shouted; "go it, you infarnal old scalp-locks—waw! haw! waw! How does you like finikies by this time? Didn't we come it over you beautiful? you —— lazy, cantankerous, snoozing old hounds! Thought you'd got us, didn't ye? and then wakes up to find we'd got you—waw! haw! waw! Burn us, will ye? make red-niggers o' us, will ye? Not ef we knows ourselves—no, sir! That's that beauty Hampton for ye, that went to ye for the love o' the thing—a'pose you tries it on him! Whoop! wagh! shagh! whar's the use?"

Thus he continued, while dashing away through a rather open wood, till the stumbling of his horse pitched him off over the animal's head and put an abrupt termination to his excessive hilarity.

"Good heavens, Tom! are you hurt?" cried Henry in alarm, who was riding close enough to be aware of the accident almost as soon as it happened.

"Spect my skull arn't smashed nor my neck broke!" muttered Tom, in a rather doleful tone, as he slowly gathered himself up, and tried his limbs, to see if they were all sound and whole; "but this yere arn't the best way to git off a hoss, I'll sw'ar."

"You may be thankful it is no worse!" returned Henry reprovingly; "and I hope it will be a warning to you, not to conduct yourself in so wild and boisterous a manner!"

"Ef you is agwine to preach," growled Tom, "I'll go back and stop with the Injuns till you gits through. Whar's the use? Who put the finikies into your head, to use 'em agin the savage imps, hey?"

"Come, come, my brave friend, don't be angry with me now!" said Henry, in a tone calculated to allay the irritation of the rough borderer. "I admit I owe my liberty, if not my life, to you; but there is so much at stake even yet, that I must be pardoned for asking you to be serious and reasonable now and assist me with your advice!"

Wall, thar, younker," rejoined the mollified Tom, "it's all right—straight as a loon's leg—and we'll not say no more about it. I war tickled though, Harry, and I couldn't help it, to think o' how we'd sarcumvented them hellyuns, and how the old greasy paint-faces ud look at one and t'other, and sw'ar in Injun about the way we'd put out without axing leave."

"Well, now then, Tom, that we are away, what is best for us to do?" anxiously queried Henry. "What I want to do is, to rescue Isaline Holcombe in the shortest possible time; but how to find her—how to seek for her—that is the point! Where shall we begin? Oh, God! to think how many unknown miles stretch between us! and what an awful demon has her in his power! I must not think—I must not—or I shall go mad! I must act, act, act—all the time act—but how? Oh, Tom, my dear friend, aid me with all your experience, your wisdom, your knowledge! for I am almost as helpless as when I was a bound prisoner in the hands of the savages."

"Harry," replied Tom, penitently, coming up to Henry and grasping his hand, "it war right down beastly in me to be a laughing, like a old fool, with you in sich misery; and ef I does it ag'in, may I choke with a green persimmon! I'll do all I kin fur you and the colonel's darter—God bless her sweet, purty face!—but afore we kin make a start arter her, I spects we've got to wait fur daylight."

"That is hours, Tom—hours!" cried Henry, with a lover's wild impatience; "and every minute is an age while she remains in such hands! Oh, Heaven of mercy! can nothing be done to-night? Think, Tom—think—and suggest something! something! something!"

"Look-a-he-yar, Harry, my poor feller, and see how things stand!" said Tom. "The poor gal war tuk away last night at dark—"

"Oh, God preserve her!" ejaculated Henry.

—"And sence then," pursued Tom, "we've been tramped over a heap o' country."

"Nobody better than I knows every painful step!" groaned Henry.

"Wall, we've got to go back over that thar same ground agin—foller the trail back'ard—else how'll we come to the p'int whar she war stole off?"

"True! I see!"

"And how's we agwine to do that when it's so dark a feller can't tell hisself from a burnt stump?"

"Can we not find the right direction and make some progress toward the last night's camp?" anxiously inquired Henry.

"I don't reckon as how we kin, Harry. I'm some in the woods, I'll allow; but I don't exactly know whar we is now, and I can't see the p'ints of the hills to make it out. You see we left rayther sudden and come he-yar—but whar? We're not fur off from the Injun camp, but I've got to hev daylight to find our back trail."

"Then nothing can be done till morning!" groaned Henry.

"I'm afeared not," answered Tom, "'cept we goes on a bit and gits furder off from the Injuns."

"Do you think they will attempt to pursue us?"

"I reckons not—leastways they can't do it hoss-back till they cotches thar runaway beasts—and it's my opine they won't try it he-yar: on thar own stamping ground it mought be different."

"Well, my friend," sighed Henry, "you must do what you think best. However painful it may be to wait, I must bow to fate and submit all to your superior judgment."

"It won't be a great while till morning," said Tom, "though it'll seem a good while to wait; but I don't know nothing better. I reckon we'd best go on a piece furder and stop—for ef we gits too fur, it'll bother us to know whar we is and find the trail we want."

In pursuance of this plan, Tom again mounted his horse, and the two proceeded slowly through the wood for about a mile, descending into a valley and ascending a steep hill, on the summit of which they came to a halt, and there remained through the hours, that seemed like ages to Henry, till light once more banished darkness from the scene.

As soon as it was light enough to see clearly, our friends took an eager survey of the landscape spread out before them.

"I knows whar we is now," said Tom, "for I al'ays notes the p'ints when I travels. D'yer see that ar' tallest hill over yon, with a big rock on top, and a few trees standing up cl'ar agin the sky?"

"Yes, yes, Tom—I see!"

"Wall, in the holler this side, ar' whar we come along yesterday, purty much down in the mouth, and thar we'll find the trail."

"But the Indian camp, Tom—where is that?"

"Can't see it from he-yar, case it's down in a holler, right over behind that ar' hill you sees to the right o' us."

"Then we were going right away from our former trail?"

"Some'at; and ef we hadn't a stopped, we'd a got twistified round so's we'd a had a good deal of bother to git ourselves right."

"Well, now then, to get upon that trail—which of course will be as easily followed as a road, on account of so many horses having passed over it—and then to fly back to our previous camp with all possible speed!" said Henry, preparing to remount the horse which he already held by the bridle.

"I spect that's the talk!" replied Tom, examining his musket and ammunition, and calculating the chances of being able to find and kill some game for food—for he was one of your fellows who had no partiality for travelling far on an empty stomach. "I wonders if this yere old thing 'll go off and hit a beast right afore your nose?" he pursued. "Agh! ef I'd only thought to go over to the pile whar the niggers had put our rifles, I'd a done so'thing decent and Christian-like! Shagh! whar's the use?"

"No use now, Tom, in wasting these precious moments in regrets for what we did not do!" returned Henry, impatiently; "but rather let us be thankful to God for what we did accomplish, and make the best use possible of our present circumstances! Come, come—why delay another moment here?"

"That's a fact," replied the other, "and I'm with you to the death!" He quickly remounted his horse, and added: "Follow me, and I'll take you round so's we'll strike the trail about three mile from this."

"You will not miss it, Tom?"

"I never misses nothing, younker, when I knows the p'ints!" was the sententious rejoinder of the experienced hunter and scout.

Away they dashed, on their high-spirited beasts, riding as swiftly as the rough nature of the ground would permit. In less than an hour they struck the trail of the previous day, and rapidly followed it back toward the camp from which Isaline had been taken.

As the day wore on to noon, Tom began to think seriously of his empty stomach; but Henry, lover-like, thought only of the rescue of the fair being who was all the world to him. What was food to him—what was life even—unless Isaline could be saved from a fate worse than death? He would have gone on, and on, day and night, if necessary and possible, with never a thought for himself, until it should have been forced upon him by sinking nature; but Tom was no lover, and had no intention of feeding on air, for even one entire day, if he could possibly find anything more substantial. He was anxious to rescue Isaline, and would have risked his life for her against any living foe with a bare chance of success; but he had no idea of starving himself in advance, merely for the hope of reaching her a few minutes sooner. The horses, too, from having been ridden fast over rough ground, were now sweating and panting and showing signs of fatigue, and Rough Tom Sturgess was not the man to forget his beast. So at last, on reaching the foot of a steep hill, the only one that now divided him and his companion from the camp-ground they were seeking, he pulled up his horse and said:

"Harry, hold up, and say of we're agwine to noon this side of the hill or t'other?"

"Noon, Tom?" repeated Henry, with a look of surprise.

"In course we've got to stop and rest a bit, younker, and me and the hosses has got to hev so'thing to eat; ef you kin live without it, you kin beat us; but I've got a holler in me you could dance a jig in, and I wants to fill it."

It was finally agreed that they should continue on to the camp-ground, for Henry was eager to see if the trail, left by the horse of Methoto and subsequently by Blodget and his Indians, was still clear enough to be easily followed, as much of his hope of successful pursuit would depend upon that.

In less than an hour they reached the eventful place, and Henry fairly trembled with emotions excited by a return to the spot which he had first beheld as a bound and helpless prisoner, and where he had seen the idol of his soul borne away from him by a human beast. His first act, on reaching this scene of such painful remembrance, was to leap from his horse and make an eager search for the trail of Methoto and Blodget; and when he found it, and saw it was possible to follow it, he became so much affected, that he leaned against a tree and shed tears, the first that had filled his eyes since parting from her he so devotedly loved.

"Don't cry, Harry!" said Tom, sympathetically.

"Thank God that I can!" returned Henry; "for my brain has all along been on fire, and my heart ready to burst, and this is the first relief I have felt. Oh, Tom, this trail can be followed, and who knows but we shall find her yet?—find her and save her!"

"In course we shall, my lad—in course we shall—or else whar's the use of guving the cussed savages the dodge and coming back he-yar in sich a hurry? In course we'll find her and save her—for haint I all along told you thar'd so'thing turn up and fotch it all out right?"

On further examination of the trail, it was found to be too obscure for following on horseback; and then the question arose as to what was to be done with the animals, for Tom did not want to lose them altogether. It was finally decided that they should be unbridled and set free, and the chance be risked of finding them again in case they should be needed. This being settled, and the horses led away to a quiet, grassy spot, and the bridles concealed in an old hollow log, our two friends immediately set off on the trail of the villains—Tom remarking that, as he was now afoot, he would be as likely to find game in that direction as any other. The trail not being fresh, was in many places so obscure that it became slow, tedious work to make it out; and the impatient Henry, who would have flown on the wings of the wind to the rescue of the being he so devotedly loved, was compelled to toil on at a snail-like pace. Once, where it entered a small stream and was lost, an hour was consumed in finding it; and just at the point where it was recovered, Tom was so fortunate as to get a shot at a deer and kill it. Then more time was lost in kindling a fire and cooking a portion of the animal—for Tom declared he would not go another step till he should have "filled his holler."

Thus the day wore away, and Henry groaned in spirit when at last another night shut in the scene and put an end to his search for many a long hour.

"Oh, Father in Heaven, support me and aid me, and deliver her into my hands who is more to me than life!" he prayed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ On the occasion of a terrible shipwreck, when all the efforts of the captain and crew seemed unavailing to avert the coming fate, we recollect an old lady going up to the skipper, wringing her hands in desperation, and exclaiming, "Oh, captain! are we really in such danger?" "Yes, ma'am," answered he, "we must trust in Providence *now*." "Good heavens!" was the pious rejoinder, "*has it come to* THAT?"

☞ CURE FOR A DOG ADDICTED TO EGG-STEALING.—Take a *fresh* egg, blow it after the manner of schoolboys; then fill it with mustard, closing the hole with a piece of postage stamp paper. If the dog is a large one, and in the habit of catching, let him have it in that manner; otherwise, let him steal it, and discover how he has been taken in. I found the above a perfect cure—and it was amusing to see how sheepish my gentleman looked whenever you held an egg up to him.

☞ A gentleman troubled with a short memory having acquired the bad habit of turning down a leaf of a book so as to remember where he left off, writes to say that he never can recollect a street that he's only been in once. How is he to remedy this defect? Very simply: let him do as he does with his books, turn down a corner.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2,50
Two copies, "	4,00
Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2,50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"One Side of the Picture" has merit enough for publication, but not for remuneration. "A Duck Story" is respectfully declined.

☞ Under no circumstances will we be accountable for the safe return of manuscript left for examination.

A NEW STORY.

In the next number of THE POST, we design commencing a new story called

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

By the author of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisan," &c.

This is a story of adventures in the early days of Pennsylvania, at the time that the war against the French and Indians was raging. A description of Gen. Braddock's unfortunate campaign, and of his rout at Fort Duquesne—where the flourishing city of Pittsburg now stands, and where the presence of young Washington alone saved the English regulars—is not the least interesting portion of this fine story.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

Miss Anna Vance writes from Rockville, Indiana, as follows:—

"A few days after I wrote to you, the Machine came all safe. I am quite proud of my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine. I am more than paid for the trouble I have taken to get up the club, and would advise all young ladies that want to get a prize, to try and get up a club of the Post and Lady's Friend. Accept many thanks. Respectfully,

"MISS ANNA VANCE."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LUCY ARLYN. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE, author of "Neighbor Jackwood," "Cudjo's Cave," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co, Philadelphia.

THE FORTUNE SEEKER. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "The Fatal Marriage," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

STONEWALL JACKSON: A Military Biography. With a Portrait and Maps. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE, formerly of General Stuart's Staff. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE JOURNAL OF PRISON DISCIPLINE AND PHILANTHROPY. Published annually, under the direction of "The Philadelphia Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisoners." Instituted 1787. J. B. Chandler, Philada.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF MEDICAL SCIENCES. Published by H. C. Lea, Philada.

THE PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSITY JOURNAL OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY. Published by W. Paine, Philada.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. Published by L. Scott & Co., New York.

BEADLE'S MONTHLY. For sale by John Trenwith, 107 South Third St., Philada.

☞ The following advertisement recently appeared, the London *Punch* says, in an English paper:—"A young man wishes to find a home with a *pious* family, where his *Christian example* will be considered sufficient remuneration for his board and lodging. Address," &c.

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $65 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of Ten Dollars from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post, or to The Lady's Friend, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for Fifty-Five Dollars cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to The Post and Lady's Friend, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth Fifty-Five Dollars!

At least, Try it.

Mrs. Sigourney.

The late Mrs. Sigourney was one of the most amiable of human beings, and everybody who read her verse instinctively felt the kindliness and good will of her heart. The result was that everybody who wanted the services of an author considered that she was the person to be applied to. In her posthumous autobiographical work, just received here by Lee & Shepard, entitled "Letters of Life," she has devoted several pages to a condensed account of the absurd applications she received. Here are some specimens:

Epitaphs for a man and two children, with warning that only two hundred and fifty letters must be allowed in the whole, the monument was not large enough to contain more. A piece to copy in the album of a lady of whom I had never heard, requested by a gentleman "to be sent as soon as Saturday afternoon, because then he is more at leisure to attend to it." To punctuate a manuscript volume of three hundred pages, the author having always had a dislike to the business of punctuation, finding that it brings on "a pain in the back of the neck."

An album from a clerk in a store, given him by another clerk in another store, to be written in for a young lady of whose name he was not quite certain, and the "most he knew about her was, that she was a very rich girl." The owner of a canary bird which had been accidentally starved to death, wishes some elegiac verses. A stranger, whose son died at the age of nine months, "weighing just thirteen pounds, would be glad of some poetry to be framed, glazed, and hung over the chimney-piece, to keep the other children from forgetting him." Solicitation from the Far West, that I would "write out lengthy" a sketch of the loves of two personages, of whom no suggestive circumstances were related, one of whom was a journeyman tailor, and the name of the other, "Sister Babcock," as far as the chirography could be translated. A father requesting elegiac lines on a young child, supplying, as the only suggestion for the tuneful muse, the fact that he was unfortunately "drowned in a barrel of swine's food."

☞ The health of the venerable Lewis Cass is rapidly failing. He scarcely sits up at all, and his death is daily expected.

☞ The hair of Dick Turner, formerly turnkey, now inmate of Libby prison, Richmond, has turned white during his eleven months' incarceration.

☞ The California Puck tells a long story in the following lines:

"Since then, dear maid, thou grant'st this boon,
Pray let us be united soon?"
Says she, "I'd be delighted!"
Then, with a twinkle in her eye,
"I've always thought that you and I
Had better be you-an'-I-ted!"

☞ The Archbishop of Paris, though in his usual good health, has been preparing his own tomb. He wants things to suit him.

☞ There are seventy-five thousand sermons preached in England and Scotland every Sunday, or about four millions every year.

☞ A well-known French artist, Bouvin, has hanged himself on account of the distress in which he and his family had for some time been plunged. It is reported that before committing the deed he said that perhaps his death would give his children the bread he could not give them while he lived.

☞ A late novelty in the build of English yachts is a "triangular keel, its apex being directly below the centre of the vessel. It is not much unlike the central fin of a fish." The formation of this keel is said to give great weatherly qualities.

☞ Precocious.—Upon the marriage of one of her companions, a little girl of about eleven years of age, of the same school, said to her parents, "Why, don't you think that Amelia is married, and she hasn't gone through fractions yet."

☞ Mr. W. H. Weiseman recently married a Miss Farthing. He asked for a farthing and received assent.

☞ It is said to be dangerous to be working with a sewing-machine near a window when there is a thunder-storm. It is also dangerous to be sitting near *some* sewing-machines when there is no thunder-storm.

South American Civilization.

Written for The Saturday Evening Post,

BY COSMO.

"Have you ever seen savages so civilized?" Dr. Bond asked, of no one especially—yet evidently expecting an answer from us all, one morning, the fifth perhaps after our establishment in the heart of the Aricauman town of Talimaupi. We were looking out through the jalousy screens of our verandah—ten—it may be fifteen of our party—men and women, down into a wide court, and upon numerous groups of our new red friends occupying all the space, and men, women, girls and boys, all plying busy hands in varied domestic manufactures.

As it was very likely our M. D. had anticipated, there was a unanimous response of: "No—never," or something to that effect—only Senora Silvietta Monteiro, qualified her assent to the proposition by the remark:

"And yet, Senor Doctor, these civilized savages have these three hundred years almost, been stubbornly resisting civilization, and religious intelligence."

"I beg you pardon, Donna Silvetta," the doctor said, looking unusually grave. "Let us put that proposition of yours in a different light, if you please. For almost three centuries, these native lords of the soil have stood bravely shoulder to shoulder, obstinately battling for, and successfully maintaining their sacred rights and liberties against rapacious invaders whose very presence has ever been contamination, degradation, and a lower depth of barbarism forced by the strong arm of the conquering white man upon the red races they have conquered."

"There are wrongs wrought upon the red men, Senor Doctor, that ought forever to redden every honest cheek with shame. But then there are the ten thousand benefits and advantages of our religion, Senor. Our *Holy*—"

"*Holy?* Your pardon *caro mio*—I would not by a single word impeach your faith; but where, I pray you, are the beauties, benefits and holiness of that religion that degrades whole races below the level of the brute? Look, my dear madam, at the present condition of the red men wherever Spanish subjugation has reached and ruined them, throughout the entire range of the Western Continent, from the shores of the Mexican Gulf to the frosty regions of the Patagonian. What has *our* civilization, and *your* religion done for them, but to degrade them from the rank of simple savages, to that of brutal, beastly barbarians?

"Of all the many tribes and nations embraced within this wide range of territory, these brave, indomitable Aricaumans, have alone withstood the demoralizing influences of crafty priests, and defied every effort of invaders skilled in war, turning the tide of destructive war always back upon those who would conquer but to enslave—successfully maintaining independence, and all the rights with which God has endowed them, against the utmost efforts of the Spanish military might, and all the subtle sophistry and craft of a corrupt church. Victorious always in battle with the Spaniards, and returning from victory, each red warrior another Cincinnatus, returning to his husbandry and peaceful domestic avocations."

And the doctor was right. It is only these red Aricaumans of the far southern slopes of the Chilean Andes, of all the Indians of our continent, who have neither lost one whit of their native independence, suffered no contamination by contact with *Christian* white men, or been made worse savages by civilization.

Eleven times since the advent of the Spaniard into the New World, have these native warriors driven back the armed invaders of their land in utter confusion; eight times have they carried successful war and its desolating necessities into territories conquered by the Spaniards from friendly red nations; three times did they conquer, capture, and destroy down to its very foundations, the city of Valdivia, always driving their discomfited enemies back upon denser populations and impregnable strong holds, teaching them and their latest descendants, down to the Chileans of the present day, that to conquer the Aricaumans is an impossibility, and to let them entirely alone is by far the most discreet wisdom.

If there be truth in Spanish American history, and reliance on Indian tradition, the Aricaumans of to-day, are precisely what they were in the days of Pizarro, Almagro, and Valdivia—a semi-pastoral, semi-agricultural, industrious, and physically the finest red race on the continent—peaceful, quiet, and inoffensive if undisturbed, but very like a nest of hornets if any of their rights are interfered with.

The Aricaumans* were a physically finer formed, and far handsomer featured people—men, women, and children, individually and collectively, than any other race, red, white, black, or of mixed colors, that we had met with in South America. As long as they have lived there next door neighbors to white men, negroes, and other tribes of savages, I do not think we saw during our sojourn among them, and sinous march through their country, a dozen instances where color or features betrayed the faintest strain of other blood than native Aricauman.

They have no history, no tradition that extends with any consecutiveness or certainty, beyond their first acquaintanceship with the Spaniards. Neither have they any written language, or the most remote idea of any methods of enumeration or notation. Their dialect appears to be a very pretty patois between the soft, liquid *Quichua*, and the metallic, gutteral *Puelche*, its most peculiar singularity being its almost exclusively disyllabic character. A voluble Aricauman orator will rattle away at you by the half hour on the steady stretch, and the chances are that in his whole *string* of talk he will not have uttered one word of more than two syllables. A fair disyllabic sample is the Aricauman's salutation:—"Good morning, brother. How do you do?"

"*Ah chah to-eh i mea ga-nil ko san* Pama *che-wip.*"

But there are instances in which they run into a word so outrageously extravagant and interminable, that even a Russian would lose himself in its labyrinths. The word *nit* very frequently comes from the lips of the Aricauman mother as she holds the head of her offspring between her knees, subjecting it to a searching manipulation. But instead of saying NIT in three letters, which I suppose she might do having been once taught, the word comes out:—"*Pealahumboapolamunglogosh.*" You would never believe that any one nit could carry all that name and live. But the Aricauman nits do, though infinitely fewer of them live to louse-hood, than they do among savages generally, for as a rule the Aricaumans are an unusually neat, cleanly people.

But you will perhaps remember by this time that we were looking out into a court, and down upon an industrial exhibition. So we were, and if you please, we will begin on the side next us, and inspect two or three of these Aricauman manufactures somewhat circumstantially.

First, we observe a dozen or more women squatted on the ground, each one with a wisp of some sort of material tucked under her left arm, the wisp being about the size of a cotton "bat," such as are used for quilts, but this girl here next us holds a blue wisp, the woman next her a purple one—the old granny beyond, one of pure white, and so among the dozen or more women there are as many colors and beautiful brilliant shades.

Now observe that in the left hand each woman holds what looks very like a pretty large-sized radish, only the colors vary as much as those of the wisps, and correspond with them. These queer objects are held, points from the holder, and are all the while in a rapid whirl, while the right hand swings regularly, and with a graceful, easy motion up and down, vibrating between the armpit and the point of the *radish*, which, as we watch its whirl, increases rapidly in size—and if we look very intently we shall discover a fine, even thread connecting the wisp with the queer object in the left hand.

Not a very mysterious or complicated affair after all—These women are simply spinning yarn for those weavers at work beyond. Those wisps are of mingled wool and cotton carded together with the thorny burr of the *bichura*, and dyed all those bright, beautiful colors with the flower of the *batata colorado*, with some mineral or vegetable base, varying the base for different colors and shades. The foundation of that queer radish-looking bobbin is a simple wooden peg, about eight inches long, half an inch in diameter at one end, diminished to a point, forming a spindle, and held loosely between the thumb and third finger; it is twirled rapidly in one direction until the length of thread is sufficiently twisted, when the motion is reversed and the two fingers left free, deftly guide the thread as it is wound up.

The dexterity of these primitive spinners was really wonderful, and their yarn very even and beautifully spun, though it was twisted more like a wire than any yarn we are accustomed to see in this country. Now for a look at the weaving department.

First, there is the web, wound smoothly on a small, round stick, and the stick lodged in the forks of two stakes, driven firmly in the ground at the other end. The woven fabric is wound on another stick secured in the same manner, so that the web is stretched tight about a foot from the ground, with a space of five feet perhaps between the two rollers. That is all there is of an Aricauman loom. Now let us turn our attention to the weavers and their weaving:

Two to each web, seated sideways, flat on the ground, each one with a stock of divers colored bobbins between his legs, and armed with a smooth, pointed, straight, two-edged wooden sword, about three feet long, two and a half inches wide, half an inch thick in the centre, and diminishing to a thin, blunt edge on each side. The *modus operandi* of weaving is performed thus—

One of the weavers begins with the point of his sword at the selvedge of the web, and picks up every alternate thread of plain cloth in the fabric—if figured and flowered, every second, third, fifth, tenth, or any other number, as no one in this world other than an Aricauman Indian would ever learn how. And thus he goes on, gathering up threads almost as rapidly as ever a hungry chicken snatched up grains of corn, until the sword is passed entirely through the web, when—*whip*—up on edge goes the wooden sword opening the two parts by its width—the weaver on the opposite side shoots through the particular bobbin required—down on the flat goes the sword, and with a vigorous *whack* the operator sends home the woof so snug that the *wire* woven cloth is waterproofed as they weave it.

After some six or so *pick ups*, and bangs by one weaver, the other sets in taking his spell, and thus they alternate, weaving away industriously a fabric averaging a trifle over three-quarters of a yard in width, waterproof in texture, wearing like iron, and in many of the finer qualities the figures of birds, beasts, and flowers woven in as artistically as the pictures in a Venetian rug. It is not a very expeditious process, however, the average of the most expert weavers being about a yard and a quarter per day.

Besides the spinners and weavers there were two portable establishments in which they were manufacturing dyes; three artificers were at work on silver ornaments, their tools being quite as simple and primitive as the looms or spinning arrangements. Then there were several men and women moulding and fashioning a great variety of earthenware, some of which was really ornamental. Others were making a sort of *shoe pack*, with a long leg like that of a cavalry boot, the material being the skin of the *Vicuna*, beautifully dressed. Several men and women were sewing and making *ponchos*. They had accepted that garment from the Spaniards; and down in the very centre of the busy hive we discovered our friend Anatan—local sovereign as he was, working away like a beaver, finishing off with beautiful ornamental work a saddle of Aricauman pattern of his own manufacture, which he eventually presented to Miss Edith, at which madcap Kate pouted a trifle, and then declared she would coquette that red beau of Edith's out of a horse before we left the country.

That court industrial exhibition was arranged for our amusement, and partly, I think, to show us that there was a South American Savage Civilization something superior to that of the Spanish Christians. It was a success in every sense; and Cator, watching the weavers *whaling* away, observed seriously that the Aricaumans were a regular *bang-up* set of savages.

☞ Damascus.—Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Baalbec is in ruins; Palmyra lies buried in the sands of the desert; Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel, an island of verdure in a desert, "a predestinated capital," with martial and sacred associations extending beyond thirty centuries.

☞ An exchange describing a celebration says, "The procession was very fine, and nearly two miles in length, as was the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

*I find that geographers generally, and a few travellers, spell this word *Aricaunian*. I prefer the pronunciation of the Indians themselves.

Cotton Picking.—A Valuable Invention.

The greatest difficulty in the raising of cotton is the process of gathering it. The planter begins to pick his crop early in September, and continues till the last of November, sometimes much later. During the entire season the whole force is engaged in picking all the time, going over the field at least three times. This is made necessary by the fact that the cotton ripens at different periods.

The gathering of a cotton crop requires three times as many hands as its cultivation. It is the hardest and most disagreeable work of the plantation; and the negro would rather perform any other labor. During the picking season extra hands are hired at very high prices. Large portions of the crop are annually lost, because it cannot be secured during the picking season.

These difficulties are very greatly aggravated by the present condition of labor at the South. Thousands of additional acres would be planted, this year, if the planter did not fear losing his crop, for want of power to gather it. To meet this emergency, a cotton-picking machine has been invented, which will do the work of twenty men, and dispense with the labor of extra hands. The inventor claims that it will gather cotton at distances ranging from six inches to six feet; that it will gather it as clean as the most expert hand; taking the cotton only from the bolls which are fully ripe and well open; leaving the undeveloped pods uninjured, and not harming the plant.

Of course, the difficulties infinitely exceed those attending the mowing and reaping machine. But these difficulties have been overcome by the ingenuity of a New England man; and the most skillful experts of Massachusetts pronounce the invention a success. If this proves true, the machine will be more effectual than the cotton gin in stimulating the production of this great staple. The commerce of the world will be once more revolutionized by the enormous increase of the cotton crop; and this timely invention will be of incalculable value both to its proprietors and to the country. The model is now in Boston, under the charge of Gen. Hunt, a loyal Tennesseean; and it will be offered to the capitalists of this vicinity. If it answers the expectations of those who have seen it, our manufacturers will be fortunate in securing the property in this great invention.

A Clergyman and a Bootblack.

A few days ago a well-known clergyman of Philadelphia, while passing down Chestnut street, in that city, stepped upon a piece of thin ice, broke through it, and engulphed one boot in the mud. A private in the noble army of bootblacks, witnessing the occurrence, ran up with the usual salutation, "Black 'em, sir?" The preacher looked at the polished mate to the defiled boot, and directed the urchin to begin operations. The boy began upon the clean boot, to which, by a due proportion of spittle, blacking and friction, he imparted a brilliancy that would have done no discredit to Russia sheet iron. Having done this, he looked the divine in the eye, with a palm extended.

"Now for the ten cents, mister?"

"When you're done," said the clergyman.

"Done what?"

"When you've cleaned the other boot," was the reply.

"No, you don't," was the quick rejoinder, a little spiced with insolence. "Another sportin' man shut my eye up this mornin'. You can't catch me twice the same day. I know you sportin' men. Pay me now, an' I'll clean the other boot. Ef yer don't, you can travel the way ye are."

The divine looked around him, astonished for the moment at being mistaken for a "sport," and then dropping a portrait of Secretary McCulloch into the hand of the little urchin, requested him to hasten the completion of his task. Three minutes afterward the good man was walking down Sixth street, with eyes straight, evidently pondering upon the indisputable fact, it takes all kinds of people to make up the sum total of a world.

Widows and Maidens.

A Richmond paper says that young men are scarce in that city, and maidens and widows in search of husbands very plenty. The latter seem to be most successful, and the editor, pleading in behalf of the maidens, says:—"We do not think, in view of the great scarcity of men, that it is fair for widows to marry a second time until all the young maidens have secured husbands. The Legislature ought to attend to this matter and protect the interests of young ladies, for without the aid of legal enactments the widows are sure to play the grab game. They will, therefore, have to be restrained by the strong arm of the law, as was done in the colonial history of Virginia, when the house of Burgesses passed an act of the very character indicated. It was found that all the young men imported into the colony, were at once caught by the widows by superior wiles and stratagems, without any chance being allowed to the modest and retiring young maidens, so the Legislature took the matter in hand, and will have to do so again."

A New Use for Mummies.—A few Sundays ago we heard a clergyman, in illustrating a point in his discourse, state that during the late war a New York merchant at Alexandria, in Egypt, having occasion to furnish a ship with a freight homeward, was led partly, perhaps through fear of pirates, to load her with mummies from the famous Egyptian catacombs. On arriving here, the strange cargo was sold to a paper manufacturer, in Connecticut, who threw the whole mass, the linen cerements, the bitumen and the poor remains of humanity, into the hopper, and had them ground to powder, and from this was made a fair white paper. "And," added the speaker, "the words I am now reading to you are written on some of the same paper."—*Bunker Hill Aurora.*

☞ In the reign of Edward IV. the Grocers' Company purchased a small lot of land for £38; the same plot has been sold to the Bank of England for £70,000.

☞ M. Henri Martin, the historian, is a candidate for admission to the French Academy. It is urged in opposition to him that he wears his beard long, which no academician has ever ventured to do.

☞ A society has been organized in Basle, Switzerland, to Bundesverfassungsverwerfungsvolksversammelungsbeschluss. As it is a reform movement a good many people join just for the name of it.

☞ There are five thousand homœopathic doctors in the United States.

How to Avoid the Cholera.

At a meeting of the New York Health Commissioners, Dr. Sayres, of Brooklyn, gave the following general rules for the treatment of cholera patients: "Great fear and anxiety had a great deal to do in the prostration and spread of disease, and influenced the physical condition to such a degree as to make persons more subject to it than they would otherwise be. He thought if the people understood the single fact that it always is preceded by certain premonitory symptoms, such as lassitude, languor, debility, and a diarrhœa, and that in this stage of the disease it is nearly always curable, if the proper precautionary measures are taken, it would tend to allay the popular terror.

"At this stage of the disease it is of the first importance to pay attention to the first symptom, which is diarrhœa. At the very first approach, the patient should assume a horizontal posture and retain it, with the hips higher than the shoulders, and under no circumstances assume the perpendicular, even for a moment. Absolute, positive rest is needed, the body being kept in a warm condition. Any artificial means can be used for that which may be necessary. The main thing is the horizontal position, and perfect rest at the very commencement of the disease. If the patient is down stairs when taken, let him stay there or be carried up. If he is out visiting, let him stay at his friend's house.

"Keeping this position for forty-eight hours, in the majority of instances the disease will pass over, and the patient, on recovery, need make no very great changes in his mode of life. Of course, if he has bad habits, he should reform them; eat and drink rationally, and attend to business as usual, but not overdo it. In the present state of the atmosphere, when pestilence is abroad, the system is rendered more liable to exhaustion, and he should husband his strength by avoiding violent exercise. With these few precautionary measures, and a proper sanitary condition of the city, and a rigid enforcement of quarantine, we may hope to escape any pestilential epidemic."

Spearing Fish.

The Canadians are having rare sport catching fish with spears. It is said that upward of thirty spearing houses have been erected upon Burlington Bay. The following is the method of catching fish by the spear: The house is rendered impervious to the light, and a circular hole of about a yard in diameter is cut in the ice. The house being dark renders the water quite clear, and the fishermen can see to the bottom. A small decoy fish, made of wood and painted in brilliant colors, is properly weighted and worked in the water by means of a string; around this the fish disport themselves, and the expert spearsman can select the largest, and by a dexterous throw of his spear pierce it with the prongs. Some of the finest fish are caught by this means, as they fearlessly approach the decoy, and appear unaware of the proximity of danger.

A Persevering Young Lady.—One day this winter a young lady of Bucyrus, Crawford co., Ohio, was skating on the river, when an air-hole generously took her in and supplied her, gratis, with hydropathic treatment. Not daunted with one mishap, she went home, changed clothing, and returned to the ice, when she met with a similar accident. A second time she returned to her parental residence, habilitated herself in dry garments, and tried it again. She had been on the ice but a few moments when she again went under, and this time came very near being drowned. Whether she would have tried it again, it is not known. In coming off the ice, she fell, breaking her arm and spraining her ankle.

Application of Knowledge.—A very valuable pocket-knife was once dropped into a twenty feet well, half full of water. "How shall we get it out? Shall we have to draw the water from the well?" The writer proposed to use a strong horse-shoe magnet, near by, suspended by a cord. "But we can't see where to lower the magnet so as to touch the knife." "Throw the sun's rays down on the bottom of the well by a looking-glass," was the second answer. It was done, the knife rendered visible from the top of the well, the magnet came into contact, and the knife brought up—all being accomplished in a minute of time.

An Eye to Business.—Rev. E. B. Fairchild says that while in Palestine he met, on the banks of the Jordan, two English clergymen filling an assortment of cans and bottles with water from the river. The water was intended for the baptism of children, on their return home; and one remarked that it would pay the expenses of his tour to the Holy Land—as he would not baptize a child with it for less than a £5 note!

☞ Adroit observers will find that some who affect to dislike flattery, may yet be flattered indirectly by a well-seasoned abuse and ridicule of their rivals. Diogenes professed to be no flatterer, but his cynic raillery was, in other words, flattery; it fed the ruling passion of the Athenian mob, who were more pleased to hear their superiors abused, than themselves commended.

☞ A man in New Bedford advertises "thirty-one tubs of gilt-edged butter." Yellow on the edges and lard below, we suppose.

☞ A fool in a high station is like a man in a balloon—everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

☞ Employments.—Some employments leave the mind to brood over its sorrows. Sewing and knitting-needles, for instance, do more than all romances to keep open the wounds of an unhappy attachment.

☞ A wag in Appleton, Wisconsin, supplied a farmer with four quarts of Hungarian grass seed last spring, from which the farmer last summer raised about 17,000,000 comely melon stalks.

☞ Parisian hairdressers affirm that the present fashion of loading the head with false hair, must, ere long, be brought to an end by the impossibility of procuring the necessary supplies of hair.

☞ The Paris correspondent of the Boston Advertiser tells of a shawl that is coming from British India for the Great Exhibition. Ten years of careful labor have been devoted to it. Lady readers may like to know the proportions of this dainty garment; its length is about five yards and a half, its width a yard and three-quarters, the ground is red, and its arabesque designs are said to reach the extremest point of delicacy. It was ordered by the Queen of Oude before the revolt of the Sepoys and the siege of Lucknow.

A LOSS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

There is a distant woman like a star,
So sweet and cold she shines into my world,
She is not as I dream the angels are,
And yet she seems so lovely and so far,
In a proud pureness like a cloud empearled.

I think sometimes if I should weakly lie
Across her path, thus hoping grace to find,
That she would crush me and pass calmly by,
Nor once look down to see her victim die,
And yet she is not cruel nor unkind.

I should not cross her path, and yet—and yet—
She has so many joys, and I but one;—
My life was lowly, by no ills beset,
But simply happy like some violet
Till it is plucked and withered in the sun.

My little lowly life! so hid away
With its small duties and its full content,
Through which a golden thread of dreams each day
Ran in and out, where a vague sweetness lay,
And every simple deed with beauty blent.

There were not wanting some to call me fair,
To praise the wild rose color in my face,
My fawn-like eyes, my waving, bright brown hair;—
I smiled, half wondering, for what could I care?
Love seemed so far, and dreams filled all the space.

Had Fate but left me so! perchance some day
To some good man's home-hearth I might have gone
And kept it warm, and cheerful toiled alway,
With my sweet dreams still vaguely sweet for aye,
Nor ever missed the light I had not known.

I will not murmur, for he came, *he* came!
Henceforth for me Life had not lacked its crown!
He held my eyes with his,—I felt the flame
Creep from my heart to them. Was he to blame
Who only from his height looked kindly down?

And yet that look snatched all the sweet content
From out Life's olden deeds and common days,
Giving instead wild joys that came and went
With every kingly glance and word he sent,
Into my little world of quiet ways.

What hope had I, what dream, what longing vain?
I hardly know, so quickly did they flee;
But one dear memory lives through all the pain,
How once in walking through a tree-lined lane
He took my hand in his, and smiled at me.

What then? That moment flashed across my soul
One vision from those dreams so sweetly dim,
How I might rise to him as years should roll,
With a great love to glorify the whole,
And so, my hand in his, I smiled at him.

She came; she floated through the summer air,
You could not call it walking, that slow grace
With which she neared us, exquisitely fair,
Haughtily lovely, like a lily rare,
And looked past me into my great one's face.

Only a moment, but the deed was done,
He left my hand to turn and look at her,
I felt my dreams drop darkly one by one
Out of my sight and reaching;—ill begun
Is any dream a look has power to stir.

And since that day she holds him at her side,
He looks at Heaven through her, as Dante did
Through Beatrice's eyes, and all her pride
Seems right and queenly, and he will abide
Content to worship her, his greatness hid.

For me, I turn back to my lowly ways,
But all the charm is gone from earth and sky,
And all the dreams are gone that filled my days,
The sense of loss is all that surely stays,
For all things else are shadows and flit by.

THE CAUSES OF THE VARYING COLOR and Saltness of the Ocean.

(CONCLUDED.)

But why salt at all? This, too, comes from the nature of things. The rivers which receive from brooks, springs, dew-washings, rain gatherings, &c., a multitude of soluble matter, also pick up on their own account, as they travel towards the sea, as much saline matter as they find to absorb, and they bring this tribute of themselves and their feudatories to the great receptacle, the Ocean, and cast their burden into its bosom. There the salts, which the fresh-water rivers could not retain, are taken up by the sea-water, soaking into its pores, and are appropriated for those purposes of the ocean which will be declared presently. Certain streams running through soils of a special character collect in their journey the special salts which distinguish those soils, so that they arrive at the ocean laden with contributions different from those brought by their neighbors; but the sea is not therefore more charged with this particular salt, even in the immediate locality where the river empties itself, than it is at other parts, by reason of a beautiful system of compensation and equalization, which is the principle that sets currents flowing. The ocean is the great reservoir where all the matter which its tributaries have been able to collect is distributed and assigned a place, by agencies the most powerful, yet the most easily set in action, whose work is visible to all who care to inquire into it, and who sing for ever the praise of Him who was their first cause. The salts poured into the ocean cannot get back into the rivers, for obvious reasons, and they are accumulated in one shape or other in the great depository. Evaporation ever going on, the sea-water must ever grow more brine-like, one would think; the salts are continually imported, fresh water is being continually withdrawn, and though restored to it again after the lapse of time, it is chiefly in the shape of an agent which will bring fresh supplies of saline matter, for the rainfall in the ocean represents only a tithe of its fresh-water receipts, at least in the band of the globe within forty degrees north and south of the equator.

As a matter of fact, however, the sea, although denser in the parts most exposed to causes which deprive it of fresh water, is not becoming brinier, nor is it, so far as can be ascertained, salting up, in the sense of forming great beds of salt at the bottom. The system of Currents rectifies, as between latitudes exposed to impoverishing causes and those not so exposed, the inequality of the supply of salts to them respectively; the heavy and heated waters of the tropics streaming away north and south, carry a full freight of saline matter to be absorbed by the fresher waters, which in their turn, and in obedience to an apparent law, that to every current there shall be a counter-current, rush forth from their colder and fresher climate, like the Norsemen of whom they were prototypes, to seek a home in kindlier and more hospitable regions. So that hereby is the universal sea maintained in its saltness; and hence comes it that seas from which there is no evaporation, and which receive abundant supplies of fresh water from rivers and otherwise, keep up their character, and do not degenerate into saltless lakes. By this beneficent arrangement, the salt-saturated waters of hot regions are prevented from becoming intolerably briny, and order is maintained in the household of ocean.

But if the ocean receives more salt than it can carry in the pores of its waters, as is alleged it does, and it cannot become salter by reason of the fact that it cannot hold more than a certain definite quantity of salt in solution, what becomes of the balance which is not needed for keeping up the standard strength of the ocean?

It has been said that, so far as has been ascertained, the ocean is not depositing banks of salt at its bottom, and this is a reasonable conclusion, if we may argue from the analogy furnished by the Mediterranean and Red Seas, not to speak of any more. These two seas receive from their respective ocean-feeders such a supply of saline matter, that in the course of a few hundred years they would become two enormous districts of solid sea salt, were it not that they are able to ease themselves of all the food which is superfluous to their nourishment. It is a known fact, that neither of them is salting up, and the means by which this operation is avoided are also well ascertained. An under-current of thoroughly saturated water runs oceanwards through the Strait of Gibraltar and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, conveying again into the ocean the overabundance of food which that liberal caterer provided. The density of the Mediterranean under-current has been found to be four times greater than that of the surface-water; indeed so strong in salt is it, that an eminent surveyor of ocean-phenomena, who was adverse to the theory of the under-current oceanwards, having obtained a sample of this lower stratum of water, was driven to the conclusion that he had struck a "brine-spring." But apart from the fact, that "brine-springs" are not among recognized submarine agents, nothing being known of their existence as a matter of truth, it has been demonstrated in a variety of very satisfactory ways that there *is* an under-current setting outwards from the Mediterranean through the Strait of Gibraltar.

The same thing may be said of the Red Sea and the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and of all seas similarly situated. They draw from the ocean-waters such quantities of salt as are required to keep up the standard of their strength, and return the surplus to the river. They are not salting up.

But then, what becomes of the surplus, which is already large in the ocean itself, and is increased by this return of proffered gifts into its bosom? The same process by which the seas rid themselves of salt is not available for the ocean; on the contrary, it adds to the burden of it. The analogy between the feeder and the fed goes no further than this, that as one is not salting up, so neither is the other: the means by which this identical result is arrived at are wholly different. If the outlets to the Mediterranean Sea were closed, the rivers now falling into it continuing nevertheless to find an outfall there, the result would be a deposit of salt in some shape or other, unless means similar to those adopted in the ocean were resorted to. But an outlet is found for Mediterranean brine, the ocean is relieved by a method which operates to a small extent in some of the inland seas, but is in full activity only where it affords the sole vent for over-saltness.

There is in the ocean a world of beings, countless in number, infinite in form and size, whose office and duty it seems to be to regulate the density of the waters, to set the breathing apparatus and the current machinery of their world in motion, and while apparently doing no more than is necessary for their own well-being and comfort, to be the founders of empires larger than Charlemagne's and far more durable. Who are these? Let Schleiden tell us of some of them, in his own words, which cannot be bettered. He is speaking of the bottom of the Indian ocean:

"Dense masses of Meandrinæ and Astræas contrast with the leafy, cup-shaped expansions of the Explanariæ, the variously ramified Madrepores, which are now spread out like fingers, now rise in trunk-like branches, and now display the most elegant array of interlacing branches. The coloring surpasses everything: vivid green alternates with brown or yellow; rich tints of purple, from pale red-brown to the deepest blue. Brilliant rosy, yellow, or peach-colored Nullipores overgrow the decaying masses, and are themselves interwoven with the pearl-colored plates of the Retipores, resembling the most delicate ivory carvings. Close by wave the yellow and lilac fans, perforated like trellis-work, of the Gorgonias. The clear sand of the bottom is covered with the thousand strange forms and tints of the sea-urchins and star-fishes. The leaf-like Fluetras and Escharas adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of the corals; the yellow, green, and purple-striped Limpets cling like monstrous cochineal insects upon their trunks. Like gigantic cactus-blossoms, sparkling in the most ardent colors, the Sea Anemones expand their crowns of tentacles upon the broken rocks, or more modestly embellish the flat bottom, looking like beds of variegated ranunculuses. Around the blossoms of the coral shrubs play the humming-birds of the ocean—little fish sparkling with red or blue metallic glitter, or gleaming in golden green, or in the brightest silvery lustre. * * * * * *

"Whatever is beautiful, wondrous, or uncommon in the great classes of fish and Echinoderms, jelly-fishes and polypes, and the molluscs of all kinds, is crowded into the warm and crystal waters of the tropical ocean—rests in the white sands; clothes the rough cliffs; clings, where the room is already occupied, like a parasite, upon the first-comers, or swims through the shallows and depths of the elements."

There are, besides these, that numberless host of microscopic organisms, which, living at the top stratum of the sea, attack the fresh water newly arrived with its salts, take their full of them, and having done their duty by appropriating a minute portion of superfluous salt, sink to the bottom as an atom of solid matter. Then there are the marine plants, drawing upon the treasury of the waters for their sustenance, for a contribution to the Sargasso Seas, the banks of weed, the oceanic garden, which has duties to perform that are but slightly ascertained.

Such are the equalisers of the ocean-strength, such the just weighers of the balance between salt water and brine, such the work-people whom God has appointed to have their place and duty in the world of His sea. The little madrepores, the corallines, have built the Florida Reefs and the Bahama Banks; they have studded the Pacific with atolls, or lagoon islands, and thrown their barrier and encircling reefs round the West India and East India islands, and everywhere that circumstances were favorable to their operations. They and their comrades, the shell-fish of all kinds, appropriate the lime which the sea cannot stomach, and the Diatomaceæ use the silex. Others, whose names, are given, some of them above, do their part in the general purification; and all the inhabitants of the ocean—both Fauna and Flora—work together for the common purposes for which they were created, and of these, one undoubtedly is the relief of the medium in which they live from an overweight of that which would injuriously affect their own existence.

So the sea is salt by reason of the earth-washings which are poured into it; it has different densities because of evaporation, rainfalls, and rivers; it is prevented from stagnating by a universal system of ocean-currents; and it yields out of its abundance materials for the building up of continents to be. Such are the conclusions at which science, long laboring, has arrived; such the results of observation by patient, careful men, who, going down to the sea in ships, have seen the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep.

Planning Farm-Houses.

The lower floor of every country house should be on the same level; for every step upward taken by domestics and women in the family, is not only a useless expenditure of strength, and a large portion of it too, when it is considered how many times in a day the cook and housemaid and wives and daughters who do the household work must go in and out, and pass and repass from one room to another; but it is physiologically a great strain upon those internal organs which are peculiar to the sex; and when too much of it is done, diseases are every day induced which are to embitter the whole after-existence. It is very easy to wink the eye—an inappreciable effort—but if a man attempts to do it a hundred times in succession, its repetition becomes a painful effort. It is very easy to step up a step or two, but the strongest will "pant and blow" if a hundred have to be gone up, as briskly as an ordinary cook steps about. It may be said that the objection does not apply, because only one step is taken at a time; but it must be remembered that those who do house-work almost always have something in the hand—a bucket of water, a pile of plates, an armful of wood, a scuttle of coal, etc., and these must be raised that one step, besides the body of the person, altogether weighing between one and two hundred pounds. A certain amount of strength is expended in this unnecessary effort, and however small it is, each repetition of it is that much taken from the store of strength with which the person arose in the morning. A purse containing a hundred dollars is as much depleted by taking out a dollar at a time, until fifty are withdrawn, as if the whole fifty were detracted at once.

The kitchen should, as far as practicable, be central to the whole house, having the dining-room on one side, the wood-house on another, and the place for meats, milk, and vegetables on another, unless these are all kept in the cellar, located as previously advised. If, however, the dairy is an important item about the farm, that is, if it is intended as a source of income, it should be arranged by all means to be on the north side of a hill or rising ground, and in such a way that a natural stream should flow through it, or that the surplus water of the well or spring or cistern should do so; but by all means let the dairy be approached from the kitchen by a raised graveled walk, with a view to have it as dry as possible at all seasons; for this walk must be passed over many times every day, and if not dry, it dampens the feet, and thus endangers the health.

WATER CONVENIENCES.

If water is not supplied by artificial means, so as to come into the kitchen by pipes and a faucet, it should be arranged to have the well or cistern or spring deliver its supply in an apartment immediately adjoining the kitchen, on the same level, and without going outside the house. It cannot be truthfully denied that multitudes of women lose health and life itself every year by having to step out from the dry, warm floor of the kitchen upon the cold stones and wet path outside, going to the spring, the wood-yard, or the "smoke-house." And with the experiences and harrowing narrations which daily come to physicians from this direction, that farmer is criminally remiss who, in building a new house, or reconstructing an old one, does not arrange to have a dry and level floor for those who do the cooking, washing, and general housework of the family; so as to make dairy, cellar, wood-house, water-closets, and smoke-house easily accessible by a dry pathway.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The New Tea-Set.

A lady gives her experience in child training. She says:—She was expecting some friends to visit her from abroad, and before they came she bought a new tea service, but was not desirous to have the fact published to her company that she had gone to this expense in view of their coming. To prevent any announcement of the matter by her loquacious little folks, she took them into the nursery, and having all the silver-ware spread before them on the table, she explained each piece to them, and then said, "Now when your uncle and cousins come to tea to-morrow, don't you all speak up at once and say, '*Ma's got a new tea-set.*'" This they readily promised; but supposing that the direction especially applied to speaking all at once, they arranged it nicely among themselves, and when the company were assembled around the social board, the eldest began, "Ma's got a new tea-set," and the next repeated it, and so on down to the lisping babe, "Math dot a new tea-thet," all supposing that they had literally complied with their mother's teaching and said their lesson well.

The Earth as Seen from the Moon.

The inhabitants of the moon perceive in their sky a gigantic star, constantly immovable at the same height. To their eyes this globe is twelve times as large as the sun, but it differs from all the stars in being always suspended in the same place over their heads. It presents phases to them as the moon does to us, passing through all the gradations of *new* and *full* earth. This star, as we have just said, is the earth we inhabit.

Those who dwell in the centre of the lunar disk, behold our globe suspended from their zenith, hovering eternally in the midst of the starry skies. Others see it at 70 degrees of elevation, others at 45 degrees, as they inhabit spots more or less removed from the centre of the visible hemisphere. Those who live near the border of this hemisphere, see our globe on their horizon resting on the mountains. A little further on only half the earth is discernible, and in passing to another hemisphere the view vanishes forever.

If we except the determination of longitudes, the earth is more beautiful and useful to the moon than the moon is to the earth; and if the Selenites, or inhabitants of the moon, rolling under-death us, interpret the law of final causes with as much partiality as we do, they will have a right apparently superior to our own for regarding creation, the earth included, as especially made for the Selenian race.

The earth is a gigantic globe, sending them thirteen times more light than the full moon transmits to us. It revolves on its axis in twenty-four hours, and during this period exhibits all portions of its surface, being thus more generous than the moon, which always conceals one hemisphere from our view. In consequence of this motion, the Selenite finds himself in an observatory magnificently situated for viewing the terrestrial disk, and his position is preferable to that of the inhabitants of the first four moons of Saturn, who can never see the whole of that planet; and they can see the earth better than we see any planet.

The earth generally presents to them a greenish hue, in consequence of the immense quantity of water by which its surface is covered, of the forest of the new world, and of its plains, and also on account of the tint of its atmosphere. From time to time, however, large gray or yellow spots divide the sphere. To the east of the terrestrial disk appear the lofty Cordilleras, marked by a long indented line just as we see in the lunar Carpathians, to the west of the Sea of Storms. Opposite this ridge, a shady green spot of great extent unfolds itself for many hours; this is the great ocean. Next comes two gray patches, which look like one elongated; these are the two isles of New Zealand. Then appears the fine continent of Australia, tinted with a thousand colors, and accompanied by New Guinea, Borneo, Java, and the Philippines. At the same time the gray country of Asia is unrolled, and extends to the white steppes of the pole. Africa then comes in view, divided by its milky way of sand. To the north of the great Sahara, appears a little green spot torn in all directions and full of ramifications; this is the Mediterranean; above which those who have good eyesight will discern little, and almost invisible, France (!). Then the dry land will disappear, and the great dark spot of the Atlantic will follow the same revolving course. The Selinites who carelessly contemplate in tranquil nights, the green and gray divisions of the earth, will have no idea of the contests in which the distant nationalities are involved.

The earth is a permanent clock to the inhabitants of the moon, and this is not its least utility. By reason of its invariable movements, the fixed points which mark the different longitudes, will be the hours on the meridian of the moon. Each country of the globe has its peculiar aspect, and may serve for point of departure.

The phases the earth presents to the moon will, in the same manner, serve as an almanac, and we may believe they form its chief foundation. These phases are complimentary to those which the moon presents to us: when it is in *full* moon to us, it is *new* earth for the Selenites, and when they give us a new moon, we offer them a full earth. No reciprocity can be more perfect and constant.

But the phases of the earth differ essentially from those of the moon, inasmuch as their intensity, not their magnitude, changes perpetually. This phenomenon is very terrestrial, and we may be sure the Selenites have judged us by it long ago. Whilst with them all is calm, identical, constant; with us everything changes. Besides the different lustre of different parts of the terrestrial spheres—green continents, blue seas, yellow deserts, white poles, and gray lands—our atmosphere is in perpetual commotion. One day it is covered with clouds, and transmits to the moon a uniform white light; the day after it is of limpid transparency, and allows the solar light to fall upon absorbent green surfaces. All of a sudden it will be varied with flocculent mountains and varied mosaics. Thus the light the Selenites receive from the earth—the light which we call "ashy," and which we only perceive in the moon's early days—varies continually in intensity.

This mobility, this perpetual variation in the aspect of the earth, will have made the Selenites believe that the earth is uninhabited. But on what grounds would they form opinions unfavorable to its habitability? They live on a solid and stable sphere, and can see nothing like it on earth. Can any rational creature live upon that permanent atmospheric layer which covers all the earth? A Selenite who fell into it would be drowned. Can it be on that sheet of green that washes the greater portion of the earth? Can it be on those clouds that appear and disappear a hundred times a day? And then the earth turns with such velocity, it is subject to so much elemental instability! Moreover, can we believe that its inhabitants are people without weight, preserving, no one knows how, a mean position between the fixed and mobile elements? How can such existence be believed?

☞ AN ATTORNEY'S HOUSE.—Anybody who has ever lived in a house in a crescent is aware that no such thing as a right angle is possible, and that all the walls are at cross purposes with one another, and that every chair, table, picture, and pianoforte looks as if it had got into a wrong place. A crescent is, in fact, only a mitigated form of that marvel of mistaken ingenuity near Bath, where the ground-plan of the house is of the exact form of the ace of clubs. This house was, it is reported, built by a certain jovial attorney, who told his friends that he had adopted this grotesque design in order to keep himself safe from the clutches of the devil, who, according to the proverb, can never get hold of a lawyer unless he gets him into a corner.

REST.

["The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital, near Port Royal, South Carolina:"]

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done,
And this is all my part;
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still,
Though all its blue be dim;
These stripes no less than stars,
Lead after Him.

Curiosities of Humanity.

Some author or other wrote himself blind, as we have heard, on the "Curiosities of Literature;" but he certainly would have used up two or three pairs of eyes if he had set himself seriously at work looking out for the curiosities of humanity. We could have mentioned a few to him—and here they are:—

The husband that says to his wife on a Monday night, when cook is in revolt, dinner is behindhand, and "stock down," "My dear, you look tired—let *me* walk up and down with the baby while you rest!"

The wife who expends as much pains upon her toilette on a rainy morning when there is no one but "John" at the breakfast-table, as she does on the evening when her old sweetheart is coming to call!

The husband who reads all the Congressional debates to his wife without meanly skipping every other paragraph, and always keeps her posted in floating politics!

The wife who provides herself with spools of cotton, thimbles and sewing-work before the reading begins, and don't have to jump up once in five minutes to "fetch something from the other room!"

The man who is consistent, and goes out to chop kindlings for exercise after having recommended bed-making to his wife as a healthful method of expanding the chest!

The woman who tells her husband just exactly how much money she spent in that shopping expedition yesterday!

The man who is always delighted with the domestic puddings and pies, and don't expect a daily bill of fare like unto a French restaurant!

The woman who don't look into all the envelopes in her husband's vest pocket when she mends that garment!

The man who never saw a collar pattern that fits so much better than his ever did!

The woman who can't tell the color of her neighbor's new winter bonnet!

The husband who, especially during northeast storms, and during the prevalence of domestic toothaches, makes up his mind that it is a great deal cheaper to be amiable than to scold!—*Phrenological Journal.*

Woman's Idiosyncracies.

Few women, especially in England, are quite as good-tempered as men. They are constitutionally more irritable, lead unhealthier lives, and from a paucity of interests exaggerate more the importance of domestic topics. Women, again, watch more closely than men, and watching can speak better, hit the sore places when they want to hit them much harder, and they place less restraint upon their power. Almost all women think it indispensable, nay more, even morally right, nay more, an absolute Christian duty, to "manage" the men about them. No mother on earth ever escaped the delusion that her son needed "management" about his love affairs and his relation to womankind generally. Left to himself, without gentle pulls at the curb, and touches of the reins, and chirrupings, he would, the mother thinks, be sure to do something silly. But, with these exceptions, there is probably in the United Kingdom no woman who in some capacity or other, as wife, or daughter, or betrothed, or housekeeper, or friend, or servant, is not trying consciously to manage some one man. Average women very often indeed do not comprehend average men. You will see a couple live together for thirty years, and the wife during all that time never comprehends why her husband does this or that, why he wants cards, why he likes that oppressive friend, what is his inducement to occasional whimsies, why he cannot, as Mrs. Caudle puts it, be content "with his comfortable fireside," why, above all, he thinks the little Evangelicalisms or Puseyisms which seem to her almost divine, so very mean and petty. Why is he, for example, so impatient under that sweet vicar, who seems to her to be uttering such melodious truth? It is not one woman in a hundred who can comprehend a theological proposition. Thousands more, particularly women brought up without fathers or brothers, failing all their lives to catch the special points in the idiosyncracy of the men they love, of which if they want happiness they must be tolerant, rage against petty habits such as smoking, and fret at small lawlessnesses such as late hours.

THE STATUE OF THE FIRST PRINTER.—David the French sculptor, was an artist of rare genius, and his works often illustrated the most beautiful ideas. For instance, his statue of John Guttenburg shows the inventor of the art of printing in a pensive posture. Near him stands a printing press, and he is in the act of looking over the first proof-sheet, on which appear the words of Genesis, "And there was light." On the pedestal are crowded, in beautiful groups, the illustrious men of all ages and all nations, celebrating, as it were, the first printer, as the most useful among them.

☞ A GIGANTIC BIRD.—The fossil remains of a gigantic bird, estimated to have stood twenty-five feet high, have been discovered in some beds of limestone at Nelson, in New Zealand.

MY VIS-A-VIS.

BY F. A. WHITE.

That olden lady!—can it be?
Well, well, how seasons slip away!
Do let me hand her cup of tea,
That I may gently to her say:
"Dear madam, thirty years ago,
When both our hearts were full of glee,
In many a dance and courtly show
I had you for my vis-a-vis.

"That pale blue robe, those chestnut curls,
That Eastern jewel on your wrist,
That neck-encircling string of pearls
Whence hung a cross of amethyst,—
I see them all—I see the tulle
Looped up with roses at the knee,
Good Lord! how fresh and beautiful
Was then your cheek, my vis-a-vis!

"I hear the whispered praises yet,
The buzz of pleasure when you came,
The rushing eagerness to get,
Like moths, within the fatal flame;
As April blossoms, faint and sweet,
As apples, when you shake the tree,
So hearts fell showering at your feet
In those glad days, my vis-a-vis.

"And as for me, my breast was filled
With silvery light in every cell;
My blood was some rich juice distilled
From amaranth and asphodel;
My thoughts were airier than the lark
That carols o'er the flowery lea;
They well might breathlessly remark,
'By Jove! that *is* a vis-a-vis!'

"O time and change, what is't ye mean?
Ye gods! can I believe my ears?
Has that bald portly parson been
Your husband, ma'am, for twenty years!
That six-foot officer your son,
Who looks o'er his moustache at me!
Why did not Joshua stop *our* sun,
When first I was your vis-a-vis?

"Forgive me if I've been too bold,
Permit me to return your cup;
My heart was beating as of old,
One drop of youth still bubbled up."
So spoke I. Then, like cold December,
Only these few brief words said she,
"I *do* not in the least remember
I ever was your vis a-vis."

THE FIRE AT THE SEA SHORE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

In one of Miss Ingelow's recent stories, she gives an account of a Boarding School, at which two of the young ladies, Caroline and Frances, are finely contrasted. Frances has become attached to a little child, named May; and Caroline—one of those fascinating but selfish creatures who are able to win and throw away all hearts—determines to win May from her.

During the vacation, a number of the young ladies who remain at the school, go with the teacher to a large hotel at the sea-shore. We now give the rest of the story in the words of Sophie, another of the pupils.

In consequence of the crowded state of the house, on this first day of our arrival, our boxes had all been taken for the night into a small parlor on the ground floor, and here we assembled to dress for the shore, while Massey, after the manner of confidential servants, grumbled about the crowd in the house, and at the notion that any of *her* young ladies should *come to this*.

"Coming to this" meant sleeping for that night on beds made up on the floors of dressing-rooms; beds having no curtains, and not being decked with the blue or pink rosettes that so lavishly adorned our pretty couches at the Willows. I must do us the justice to say, that we were very indifferent to the matter, and were glad to get out on the shore; Madame having given the little girls into the care of the elder ones, and sent us alone, to that safest of safe places, a level sea-shore on a calm and fine day.

How delightfully fresh was the feeling of that evening! The water was within a few feet of the steps of the house; a very high tide, we were told, for it was the full of the moon. We walked on the broad sand-bank, watching the gambols of the rabbits, and picking up shells. The children were in the highest possible spirits. As usual, little May had been enticed away from Frances, with whom she was walking, by Caroline, and I accordingly took her place; Frances and I walking on before the others, for their somewhat boisterous merriment destroyed to our minds the delightful peacefulness of the scene.

The girls descended the bank, and began to collect a little heap of shells on the sand. Frances and I sat down on the bank, through which a few bluish heads of grasses thrust themselves up. The sun, now about to set, gave a ruddy edge to the tiny waves, and to the sails of one solitary vessel, whose slow progress we were watching. Frances was evidently pleased with this singular prospect, for the level country on the landward side lay stretched before us, and all the splendor of sea-thrift, salt lavender, broom, heath, and rest-harrow pressing up the bank to our feet.

We were silently enjoying the scene, when little May's voice, in its naughtiest tone, arrested our attention. "Let me alone, Miss Baker; I won't,—I won't."

Frances turned quickly. Caroline had hold of May's arm, and was trying to hold her back; May was fighting, struggling, and crying in the most passionate manner. When Caroline saw that we were observing her, she let go of May, who, darting to Frances, flung herself on to her lap, sobbing, and sullenly exclaiming, "That she wanted to come to her Miss Chris tiana Frances."

"And who wants to prevent you, you tiresome child?" said Caroline, coming up. "I am sure it is no sinecure to have to watch you: it is quite impossible to keep you out of mischief."

"You are not good," said Frances to May; "how came you to be so troublesome?"

"She will not keep away from the water's edge," said Caroline; "and the consequence is a wave came over her feet. I told her several times that it would be the case."

"You should not have let go her hand," said Frances, in French, "if you have no control over her."

May sobbed and pouted her pretty little sulky mouth, making an impatient gesture, as if resenting Caroline's anger.

"You often said on other days that you wouldn't tell," she exclaimed to Caroline; "you said if I was naughty, my Miss Chris-tiana Frances shouldn't know."

Caroline was very anxious to stop this communication, but was not in time. Lest any more should be said, she now began to make friends again with little May, and produced some sugar-plums that seemed to be favorably received.

"We must go home," said Frances; "the child's feet are so wet."

"I don't want to go home," replied the little girl; "I want to get some more shells."

"O! sea-water never gives cold," replied Caroline; and while Frances continued to advocate a return to the house, Caroline kept coaxing little May towards herself with many sweet looks and loving gestures, till at last the child slipped from Frances, and Caroline ran off with her, and left us alone once more.

"Now what must we think of Caroline?" said Frances to me. "Is it not wrong of her to do all she can to make that child naughty? She has stolen May away from me, not that she may possess her, but that I may not. I do love that little creature; it is very painful to me to be deprived of her, and to see her deteriorate so greatly under Caroline's rule."

"If you ask what I think," I answered with some heat, "I think Caroline is a thief, and I have said so to her more than once."

"Well," sighed Frances, "I could part with my little treasure with less pain, if it was for her own good that she was enticed away."

And now even Caroline said it was time to go in, and we set off for the house, reaching it just after sunset. I do not remember the arrangements made about the sleeping apartments further than this, that either Frances or Caroline was to sleep in a farm-house about half a mile inland; Massey being also accommodated there.

"Very well, then," said Caroline; "I will keep May to-night, and Frances shall go to the farm-house; Madame, it appears, has left this open to us." Madame was then up stairs with her own little girls.

Upon this a civil dispute took place between Caroline and Frances, both wishing to have May, and the former also wishing to escape the farm-house.

Massey observed that Miss May ought, of course, to remain behind, and she would take the liberty of putting her to bed at once. This could not be gainsaid; so the matter rested between the two disputants only. At last, Caroline, as usual, triumphed. She asked little May, already sleepy and laid on her pillow, which of them should sleep with her; and she, overcome by the coaxing voice, and dazzled by the prospect of a change, said, "Caroline."

Poor little May, and poor Caroline!

So Frances set off to the farm-house with Massey, and very shortly, we all went to bed.

Now I have before mentioned a little parlor on the ground-floor where all our boxes were standing. That was the bedroom appointed for Miss L'Estrange and me; a press-bed had been introduced, and Madame, having seen us both comfortably ensconced therein, left the room; but presently opened the door again, and desired me to get out of bed, lock the door inside, and take out the key. I did so, laying the key on the dressing-table, and peeping out for a moment at the beautiful calm sea, lying still under the broad moon. Her beams had made a wide, gleaming, silvery path across the sea, and in it nothing was visible but the vessel that we had seen during our walk: she had cast anchor, and her spars and rigging were all lighted up by the moon.

I got into bed again. I noticed that the curtain did not quite hang straight, for we could see the water as we lay awake; but we did not trouble ourselves about that, for we were both sleepy, and in a very little time we were in the land of dreams.

I do not know how long I had been asleep, when I dreamt that a very small black snake was sitting on the bed, and that every now and then she opened her mouth and hissed. It was a soft noise: *His—s—s—his—s—s;* but it was so much more distinct than most noises heard in dreams, that at last I woke, and was quite relieved to find that the little black snake was not there.

I felt frightened still, and feverish, and in order to reassure myself after this disturbing dream, I sat up in bed, and, drawing the curtain still more aside, looked out upon the quiet sea. But such a sight met my astonished gaze, that I at once forgot the hissing snake, and all my soul was in my eyes. The moon was gone down; but across the water lay a long path of light, precisely, as it seemed to me, such a path as she had made, only that this path was not silver, but of a rosy hue. Beautiful, beautiful sight! I lay looking at it like one enchanted: every moment, as it seemed to me, that rosy path became wider and ruddier. What could it be? There were no northern lights in the sky to cast that vivid reflection, and the vessel that lay in its midst at anchor could have nothing to do with it: it seemed to come from behind the house. Certainly it was behind me; and as its fitful splendor widened and quickened on the edges of the breaking waves, I was just about to wake Miss L'Estrange to look at it, when, louder, clearer, and more terrific by far than the noise that had awoke me from my dream, I heard the little black snake again: *His—s—s—his—s—s—his—s—s—*, and at the same instant, a light puff of white smoke came warm against my cheek, and I sprang from the bed, screaming, "Wake up, Miss L'Estrange, wake, wake; the house is on fire."

She presently woke, and for a few bewildering seconds we ran helplessly about the room, then tried the lock, which, thanks to Madame's care, which perhaps saved our lives, we could not open. We then rushed to the window, to find the key; but air was indispensable, for the smoke sifted in fast. We flung open the French window, and ran out across the narrow pavement on to the sand, that we might breathe freely, and then we fell on our knees, and looked up at the house, crying aloud, to think of those that were within it. There we saw the cause of the great reflection on the water; a high chimney at the back of the house was on fire; it had, doubtless, already set fire to the beams. The roaring of the wind that fed it was like thunder, and the dancing, joyous, exultant shoots of flame that it sent up, reached so high that they seemed as if they would scorch the very stars. It was hot even at that distance; so hot, that we wondered what it must be inside; and like the troubled remembrance of a fever dream, I remember our rushing about, flinging stones at the doors and windows, and crying to Madame and to our schoolfellows by their names.

It could not have been many seconds that we did this. A shout came from the water behind us, and turning, we beheld a boat full of sailors; they were rowing straight along that fearful but splendid pathway; they had come from the vessel, and were within an oar's length of the beach. They pushed the boat ashore, the sea was almost as calm as a lake, and forming two abreast, six resolute-looking men, they marched up to the burning house. During the moment that this was passing, how much that house was changed! Every window was open: men, women, and children, awake and frantic, were rushing up and down in the verandahs, to find some means of descending, and were crying and stretching out their arms, imploring help, and declaring that the staircase was on fire.

It was a very high building, and the two upper stories were constructed of wood; each had a long verandah, but the upper one had no communication with the lower, and neither with the ground. I remember that these sailors had each a coil of rope on his arm, and that as they walked up to the house they cheered.

I remained, as if frozen with terror, to see what would follow; and Miss L'Estrange sat down on the sand, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed out her sister's name. A long, low wing ran out from one side of the house; two of the sailors were on its roof in a very little time, and they were trying to fling up a rope to the people above. I saw this rope fall down five times, and I heard the fire roaring at the back, and the sparks crackling down in cataracts. At length it was caught by a child, securely tied to the verandah, and then, oh frightful sight! I saw a sailor climbing up it.

Up that giddy height, sometimes touching a projection with his foot, sometimes swinging in mid air, from the length of the rope and the impossibility of its being held stretched by his comrades, but at last he was up and climbing over the wooden railings. Another sailor was upon the rope; the first had dashed into the house, which was all illuminated from within, and so hot that the papers were shrinking and peeling off the walls, and the noise and the smoke, and the showers of burning papers, woven fabrics, and other light materials, were covering us and the whole shore, and hissing in the water behind.

I saw that first sailor come out, and in his arms a large basket; it seemed to be a clothes-basket; he and another sailor were tying ropes to this basket, while the unfortunate people were clinging to one another, moaning and lamenting. Then I saw a sailor seize upon a little child, and begin to tie it into this basket; and I thought the frightful sight of all my schoolfellows, and the other people, sent from such a height in such a manner, I could scarcely look at and live. I turned sick with fear; there was a dreadful impossibility of standing still, or of looking. Where could I hide? Nowhere but in the room that we had left, and rather than see that terrific sight I rushed into it.

It was glowing hot, but there were no flames, and the smoke of the burning part of the house seemed drawn up by the draught of the great flames, so that this story was quite clear. It was the great chimney that had set the place on fire above, and all the upper rooms were now burning, having been set alight by the cataracts of sparks that had poured down the chimneys.

I stood there an instant, relieved of my terror, and then my eyes fell on the boxes. Any kind of action at such a moment would be a great relief; I thought I would push them out of the room, and tumble them on to the sand; for I remembered that the sufferers above were only clothed in their night garments. So I began with frantic eagerness to move out the lightest of these boxes, and my recollection is very confused of what followed, though I have an impression that a sailor and a woman came and helped me; also, that more sailors had landed from the vessel, and that children with bare feet were running about on the sand. I can then remember being again on the shore, possessed with a frantic terror of seeing that basket, but always occupied; sometimes tearing the clothing and the shoes from these boxes, and tumbling them farther from the house; sometimes catching a screaming child as it ran past me, and forcibly clothing it, fitting shoes on to all sorts of feet, and dealing out shawls, gowns, and railway wrappers to the ladies. Many things passed before me like changes in some frightful vision, lighted up by a fire so bright that it seemed to shine not only upon us, but through us; Caroline was by me, cut and bleeding about the face, while some people were going to carry her away, a great log was burning at my feet; some sailors were by me; and while I was trying shawls on many shoulders, they were wildly cheering that every living soul was saved. Madame was by me, frantic about her numerous charge, madly beating her breast, and crying after her children; and as for me, I had become cold as a stone, and a strange persuasion began to get the better of me,—that the whole scene was unreal.

Upon this I said to myself that I would venture to look at the house again; and what a sight it was when I did! The whole upper stories were burning away, blowing away, and melting away. Rafters white as snow were breaking off, and noiselessly falling in flakes all among us and over us. The sea, the sand, and the air were filled and covered with light morsels of charred wood, paper, chints, and canvas; burning brands were jerked out to the water's edge; some, still alight, were floating out to sea; and though not a breath of air stirred, excepting round the house, the draft of the flames was so great that the light sand blew along towards it as it does in a high wind.

Presently there was a cry that the front would shortly fall, and all the people but our own party rushed away towards a boat-house that lay some roods to the left.

Two or three sailors were persuading Madame to follow, but she would not; she still cried that her children were not all found. I was uneasy, for I had not seen little May; but when I asked about her, Madame herself assured me that she was safe.

I do not know what was the matter with the girls; but their excitement was so great that they could not remain quiet; one or two were almost always missing among other groups, and some remained wildly running up and down without any apparent object.

I heard the sailors saying, that if they could not get the children counted over, they could not be sure that all were there; and then I heard them state, that they would put us into their boat and push off, so that we could not get away.

I was, no less than my companions, in a curious state of mind, and I remember laughing aloud, as I saw the sailors running after them, catching them one after the other, and putting them into the said boat, which they had left under the charge of one of their number, who kept it, with its gradually increasing freight, a few yards from the shore; it approached to receive the passengers. When we were all in, it became evident to Madame that none were missing, excepting poor Caroline, who was hurt, and had been taken to the farm-house inland. So she thankfully followed, and we sat staring at the burning house, not now more than half its former height.

We were partly distracted from watching it by a strange circumstance in the boat: it was that the great light attracted innumerable shrimps, and all kinds of small fish, and they kept leaping into the boat, and covering us with showers of salt water. We were engaged in throwing these unwelcome companions back into the water, when a great crash arrested us: the front walls fell flat on to the sand, and a long burning beam came crashing down upon the roof of the wing before-mentioned, and which had hitherto escaped the fire. At the same instant, a female figure was seen flying towards us, rushing over glowing brands, and leaping across blazing rafters; the figure never stopped but to ask some question of the sailors, and, guided by them, she sped towards us, fleet as the wind. Several voices cried out that it was Frances; and Frances, indeed, it was. She was breathless and faint with running, and she dropped upon her knees, stretching out her arms toward the boat, and crying out with the energy of despair: "I want my child; where's my child? give me my child, my child!"

The horror, the confusion that followed, it is hopeless to attempt describing. All the girls and Madame had thought that May, as usual, was with Frances; she was not. She was still, then, under the burning beam in the wing; and when I recovered my scattered senses, after hearing this, I saw Frances stand with her arms held out, and her hands clenched, and I heard her say, "Oh! oh!" and then she turned round, and fled with a fleetness that nothing but desperation could have given her, straight over the sand towards the burning and tottering house.

The remark is common, that there are some moments which gather into themselves the feelings and the consequences that in ordinary times are scattered over weeks and years; such were the moments that followed, while the burning house sent up its volumes of smoke and flame; while the still water, just then at its lowest, washed softly against the brink of that now broad reach of sand, and yet glowed with that superb but terrible pathway; while we sat mute with terror and amaze; and while Frances fled fleetly away from us among the smouldering brands.

It had cost our sailor but little effort hitherto to keep his boat almost stationary; for there was no air, and no sea on. He now, as well as ourselves, sat gazing with stunned and helpless wonder while Frances rushed away on her perilous errand; but suddenly starting, when, as I suppose, he found the tide had turned, and that we were drifting in, he gave a few vigorous strokes with his oars as he began to feel the pebbles grating under us. "Now, ladies," he said, in an excited tone, "I see what the poor young thing is going to do. Mind yourselves; for run after I must and will." And so saying, he sprang ashore, and flew after Frances with a vehemence and vigor that, far as he was behind, almost made me hope that he would catch her.

But now came again that "confusion worse confounded." The boat-load was once more loose on the sand, and I alone was still sitting in it; the French girls were all running about wringing their hands; the English girls were helplessly crying, and clinging about Madame, now calling on her to get Frances back, and now to save May; Madame herself was bewildered under this great misfortune, not doing and not attempting to do anything; for what, indeed, could she do but lift up her trembling hands to heaven and pray, and think, with distracted brain and agonized heart, of the great danger of one pupil and the almost hopeless danger of the other?

And I, as I sat alone in the boat, which was gently rocked against the beach with every return of the wave, saw the sailor's deep footmarks on the sand, and that every footmark was full of sea-water, and every drop of that water rosecate with the bloom of fire-light, either from the ruin or from the sky. In accounts of all events that greatly excite people, we find that their own feelings and impressions are mixed with the narrative; mine must be also, for they seemed more real to me than external things; and, in spite of my despair, I did look down into those tiny pools, and I did observe the rosy tinges of the breaking waves and the rosy drops that fell from the now drifting oars, and I did say to myself, how very beautiful they were! But there is also in my mind a vivid picture of the scene. I was ordered by Madame to get out of the boat, and I managed to obey her. I see her still standing passive and stunned—the girls rushing, and hysterically crying around her—the sailors and people about the burning house, flinging water as well as they could on the low roof of the wing, which was rapidly catching fire, and every moment forcing them back and back—and Frances, unnoticed by any of them, flying on to almost certain death, and, if possible, urged to still greater swiftness by the sound of the sailor's footsteps behind her.

She was near—she was nearer; I cried out, as if my one childish voice could be heard so far away, beseeching the people to see her, to know what she was about to do, and to arrest her reckless steps. My heart sank—I shut my eyes for a moment—then I opened them, and saw her at the end of the wing, running up an outer staircase that connected its verandah with the sands.

A great wreath of smoke came down over her and hid her. The sailor was close at her heels. She emerged from the smoke, and still pressed on; she reached a window, and such was the vividness of the light, that even at that distance I distinctly saw her fling her shawl over her hand, and then dash it through the glass. That was the last thing I did see; another great volume of steam from the water that they were sending up from below spread swiftly over her, and when it melted away into the glowing air, she and the sailor had disappeared.

Next I saw a great confusion among the people below, and there was fast shouting, screaming, and rushing up and down. Several more people were upon the verandah, and, owing to a momentary stoppage in casting water up, the flames were covering the roof, and sweeping and swooping down almost to the ground. The place was, in short, enveloped in the flames, and the people were forced back. The wind caused by the fire tossed up the blue and red spires with a dancing, exulting motion; the very walls seemed to be shaken, and to rock as the fiery serpents hissed and sang. There was a noise again of rending and splitting; the wind tossed and whirled out the blazing curtains and the burning papers, and flung on to the sands rafters that scattered millions of sparks as they fell, and covered the sands like a nation of fireflies. And now we all, as by one impulse, began to run nearer; and my mind, as I remember, was so completely overwrought, and so much off its balance, that I was unable to think what might be going on within that burning ruin; but was only occupied with watching and following the footprints that Frances had left in the sand, and with observing the streaks of yellow that began to appear in the east. That Frances and little May were both dead I did not doubt; and in my bewildered thoughts I wondered whether their souls were then *going up* across the ridges of those clouds in the golden dawn.

But we also had drawn near, and the flush of that great heat was on our faces, shining in our eyes, and the wind of it was wafting our garments, and the thunder of it was stunning our ears, and shaking the ground under our feet. I cannot say that I remember it all, though I have impressions of some things which followed,—impressions which detach themselves by reflection from the terror, and the shouting, and storming, and warning cries, and heavy footsteps, and frantic flinging up of water by the men about the flames.

First, I remember that I strained my eyes; but smoke and flame so obscured the wooden wing, that I distinguished but little; the fire was fringing the edges of every overlapping board; but, after helplessly gazing (as it seemed) a long time, I had a momentary vision of a roof, and it was breaking in, and tiles were falling thick and fast upon a bed inside; for some of the walls were gone, and there was a black gap behind, and the bed for an instant seemed to be seized and shaken by the fire, and in less than a minute it was burnt and shrivelled up with all its ample curtains, and the floor had given way, and the bed had gone down. That bed had been decked with curtains covered with drooping poppies. Little May had been coaxed to sleep in it, partly on the plea that they were so pretty. Where was she now?

I did not move, but kept staring up at the devouring flames, as they flung themselves at the cool pale sky, with a wild, mad kind of frolic.

Ages and ages seemed to follow, then the people said that all was over; but at length a shout rose from the crowd,—there was a rushing to the old black ruin of the centre; then came sudden silence, followed by a long audible groan. I turned my face from the red fire, and found myself left behind, and I dragged my unwilling limbs onward, talking all the time aloud to myself, till I came in front of the central ruin, and there, climbing down the outside of a stack of chimneys by a few projecting spars, I saw the sailor, and he was alone.

I say the sailor, because we knew that it could be none other than he: but he was so completely blackened by smoke as to be quite undistinguishable by dress or feature. I said to myself that I had known, when he came out, he must be alone, and though I stood in the throng I cannot recollect the actions of those about me during the wretched quarter of an hour while he slowly clambered down. I have only an impression that now and then the people cheered in order to encourage him, and I suppose all were too much excited to remember what followed, for I have never been able to get an account of it from any one.

But the next thing that I do remember distinctly is, that it was quite light, and the sailor was standing among us, and the flames had suddenly died down. I also noticed that many of the men, whose figures had been seen about all night, were countrymen, who had come, doubtless, from the villages round. These all had gathered about the sailor, who, faint, weak, and panting, was moistening his burnt lips with something in a cup. "Now, then, speak to the Madame, speak to the Madame," I heard one of the sailors saying; and instead of eagerly wondering what the man would reply, a forlorn reflection strayed into my mind, that I had heard them address her as "the Madame" before.

But the man's speech, when he found breath to reply, cleared away the cloud that obscured my brain, and I awoke at once to life and consciousness.

"I tell'e, marm," he said hoarsely and faintly, "the young lady be alive now, and I expect the little one may come to her senses again; but how they are to be got down alive from the place where they are, God only knows."

"Then where were they?" cried the crowd.

The sailor looked up to where a solitary pile of chimneys reared its blackened outline. There was an immediate and simultaneous rush round the ruins of the house; and far up on a projecting platform, only a few feet wide, and apparently forty feet high, sat Frances, with something in her arms. This little platform seemed to be the remains of some floor, which had been burnt not quite up to the chimneys; but how long it would stand was the question, and how long it would be before those crumbling chimneys came down.

It was now probably about two hours since the fire had first broken out, and it might be somewhat past four o'clock. No engines had arrived, which was not wonderful, as the nearest were twelve miles off; but the sailors (who had been hitherto the saving of every person in the house,) though their exertions had manifestly tired them greatly, and some were bruised and scorched, no sooner perceived Frances sitting on the projecting height, than they gathered together, and gave a deep hearty cheer by way of reassuring her, and then ran here and there in search of ropes and beams, intending to attempt a rescue. As I was eagerly watching their efforts at making a scaffold, somebody cried out that "the Madame had fainted," and the attention of the unoccupied persons being thus attracted to her and to us, they carried Madame into an outhouse, which had been used as an extra carriage-house. There they obliged us all to follow, and then shut us in, bringing us wine and bread, and positively keeping sentry at the door. I cannot wonder that they did this, for the whole precincts of the house were highly dangerous; red-hot tiles strewed the neighborhood of the wing, and though the fire had burnt itself out, the sand and the remaining walls flung fierce heat against us, and the water lying in pools as it had come down after being tossed in buckets on the fire, was quite hot, and still steamed. The sun was just rising as we were shut into the carriage-house, and we were very miserable through suspense; but we had not long to wait for tidings of our schoolfellows. Madame had not recovered many minutes from her fainting fit, and began to sit up and collect her thoughts, when we heard tremendous and repeated cheers, then a rushing of many feet towards our asylum; and at last the door was violently flung open, and in ran Frances with May in her arms.

We all started up at sight of the rescued ones,

and rushed round Frances; a sort of silent rapture held our lips sealed; for a while we could not believe she was uninjured, and we pressed closely about her, touching her singed and tinderlike gown, her disordered hair, her flushed hot feverish cheeks, and her delicate hands, that grasped May so closely. As for her, she said not a word, but held out the child; and a long, low laugh of rapturous relief burst from her lips, but she neither shed tears nor stirred till Madame took May from her, and kissed her, exclaiming, in her native language, "O, my God, I do thank Thee." Here Frances laughed again, and cried a little, but still she did not speak.

Poor little May, how piteously she was crying, and how her tiny limbs trembled and shivered! Her small hands were a little scorched, and her night dress in some places burnt brown; she did not seem to be seriously injured, but her terror was still extreme.

In spite of the anguish and anxiety that we had suffered about Frances, our demonstrations of joy at sight of her were, after the first moment of her entrance, by no means violent or noisy. We were all beginning to feel the feverish exhaustion of excessive fatigue. Some of the young girls crept into the empty carriages that stood in this asylum of ours, and dozed upon the seats; others lay down upon a heap of clean shavings; a carpet was brought in for May and Frances—one of the few things that had been saved; and those noble, kind-hearted sailors went about from one of us to the other, giving us wine (almost like mulled wine, it was so hot) from black bottles, and serving it in a little tin cup. After this acceptable refreshment, Madame herself very soon fell asleep, and most of her pupils with her. I could not sleep at first, as the sound of the crackling fire still sung in my ears.

It was now broad daylight, and the watery, white sky was distinctly visible through a small, dirty window, excepting when a sailor, leaning his weary arms upon the sill, would indulge in a contemplation of the people whom he had helped to save. Many sailors appeared in this way, one after the other, and seemed specially to derive satisfaction from staring at Frances and her tiny charge; and it sometimes pains me, even to this day, to think that we never had an opportunity of thanking them; for when we awoke at last, and inquired about them, the vessel was gone. The sailors, we were told, had said they could not stay, for a breeze had sprung up, and "The Lively Sall" must proceed on her voyage.

"The Lively Sall!" What a name! Some of the girls were quite shocked, and in writing to their friends called the vessel "The Lively Sarah." A very handsome present was made to these brave men by the parents of those whom they had rescued; but I am often sorry to think that they had not our thanks also.

This, however, is anticipating.

About nine o'clock in the morning we all awoke, very much refreshed; some water was brought us; and from the contents of the trunks, which still strewed the sand, we were all made, with Massey's aid, exceedingly neat and clean. Frances seemed scarcely more fatigued than ourselves; but if any question was asked her about the rescue, would answer with a shudder "O! don't speak to me about that; it makes my head swim to think of it."

We now issued from the carriage house. The fire was nearly out,—only smouldering. The hotel was almost level with the ground, and none but its disconsolate owners lingered about it. Engines had arrived, and had deluged the place when the flames were already dying down. But we did not stay to look about us. Madame was naturally anxious to see Caroline, who had been taken to the farm-house, where Frances had, earlier in the evening, been sent to sleep.

We hoped also to find breakfast there, and were told that all the other people, who had been sleeping at the hotel when it took fire, had left the hospitable farm already, in different conveyances, having been received there in the night, and treated with the greatest kindness and consideration.

We walked across the fields to this place; and the smiling mistress met us at her door, all fresh, and clean, and cheerful, though she had been up nearly all night. She had set out breakfast for us in her large kitchen, and she now invited us in, at the same time assuring us that the young lady up stairs was not very much hurt. Of course, Madame went up instantly to the chamber, and there her own maid was waiting on Caroline.

Her injury was a long, severe cut across the brow, reaching from the parting of the hair to the corner of the right eyebrow. It was by no means dangerous; but, alas! it was most evident that it must leave a mark for life.

Several of us—I among them—crept up the stairs after Madame; and though forbidden to enter the room, listened to what might be going on inside.

Caroline was in a highly excited state; a surgeon had been sent for to attend her, and had ordered her to lie quietly in bed. The moment Madame entered, she at once declared that she was sure her face would be marked. Madame had all the sweetly compassionate manner of an amiable Frenchwoman, and she soothed Caroline with hopes to the contrary, asked if she would like one of her schoolfellows to come and sit with her, and told her that we were all safe; in fact, the great blessings of life and safety for all her large party did somewhat make it impossible, for the present, that she could feel much for Caroline's misfortunes. Not a question had been asked, and so little interest shown by Caroline, that we all thought, judging by this, and by the tone of her voice, that she was probably a little delirious.

"Yes," she said, when Madame again asked if she would like one of her schoolfellows to sit beside her. "Yes; she should like one of them, but not Sophia,—Sophia would say she deserved it."

"No," said Madame, soothingly, "they are all extremely sorry, my child,—very much grieved indeed, my dear,"—and Madame showed a good deal of alarm at the speech, for, in fact, not understanding it, she thought Caroline quite light-headed.

"Not Sophia," repeated Caroline, tossing on her pillow; "I know I am steal little May; I know I am branded for a thief, and she will think so."

On hearing this I fled down the stairs, wringing my hands and crying with a sort of hysterical violence, no doubt partly owing to my late excitement: it was some time before I recovered my senses: when I did so I found that the woman of the house was holding me on her knees, in a pleasant arbor out of doors, and that an old gentleman, with a most pleasant face, was standing before her.

"Why, here's the Vicar, little Miss," said my good nurse.

"Ay, ay," said the old gentleman, "don't cry, my pretty little bird,—here are some nice gillyflowers to smell, and here is some cold water to drink. What! not one hurt in the fire! what a good God is ours; and how thankful you should be for such a merciful preservation!"

He looked so very old, and so venerable, that I gazed at him with pleasure and curiosity, sobbing out, "I do feel thankful, sir,—indeed I do." His house was about four miles from the sea, close to the church, for it was a very large, thinly-populated parish, partly warren, and partly salt marshes.

"Please to sit down, sir," said the woman, wiping the seat of the arbor with my handkerchief, and still holding me in her arms; "and I hope you'll have some breakfast afore you go."

"Ay, ay," the old clergyman replied, sitting down beside us. "I'm a great age now, Mrs. Peel,—almost past my work,—my Master's work."

"O no, sir! not yet," replied the woman.

"Not quite yet. I must talk with these dear children before I go; and I shall hope to pray with them and the French lady."

"Yes, sir; that's what they want; you'll make 'em feel quieter like; for now they are all of a tremble."

I felt better, and we went into the house; but I was not allowed to stay down stairs, and hear the delightful conversation and devout prayers of the aged clergyman. I was taken up stairs and put to bed. Some breakfast was given me while there, and I soon fell into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which I did not awake for hours.

When at last I did open my eyes, they fell upon a bed, for there were two in the room. Frances and May were lying asleep in this bed, and beside it stood a tall and most elegant lady,—a lady in a rich, rustling silk dress, and with a long Indian chain round her neck, which rested on the quilt as she bent over little May. She stood with her back to me; but a round, old-fashioned mirror hung on the whitewashed wall before her, and in it I saw her face, and recognized it, though now it was changed, and illuminated by a kind of unbelieving joy, and though her eyes were overflowing with happy tears.

It was little May's mamma.

Every now and then she would venture to lift up the child's hand and touch it with her lips, but she seemed very much afraid of waking her and Frances, and, but for this little action, stood motionless beside them for some time.

I knew that for several days she had been constantly expected, and that she possessed Madame's intended address at the seaside, and I thought what a happy thing it was she had not arrived a few hours sooner.

At last the mother's kisses becoming unconsciously more fervent, little May awoke; upon which, forgetting her caution, she threw her arms upon the bed, and stooping over the child, exclaimed, with a laugh of exulting joy, "Who am I, May? tell me."

"Mamma!" exclaimed the child, after a momentary pause, and continued to gaze at her with a sort of ecstasy, softly repeating to herself, "Mamma, mamma!" But when her mother tried to take her up, she said, in a confidential tone, "Mamma, you mustn't wake my Miss Chris-tiana Frances."

On hearing the little silvery voice repeating this already beloved name, and bringing so vividly to her recollection the peril that her child had just encountered, the mother burst into a sudden passion of tears, which woke Frances, who started up in a fright, uttering some confused words about the smoke, and the sea, and little May.

Finding herself kissed, blessed, and wept over by this beautiful stranger, was not likely to reassure her, and she did not recover from her bewilderment, till May cried out, "Mamma, mamma, you don't know what a great hole was burnt in my bed last night!"

On hearing this, Frances instantly perceived who it was that was embracing her with such fervent expressions of gratitude and love, and she gave May to her mother, for on first awakening she had snatched her up in her arms.

May, who before being laid in the bed had evidently been carefully washed, and dressed in a clean embroidered frock, looked particularly pretty, though her tiny hands were still very red from the heat of the flames. Frances herself was also seen under favorable circumstances; she was dressed in a delicate lilac muslin gown, and her fair hair was nicely braided. I was glad that Lady Merton had not seen them during their former sleep in the carriage-house, for then they had looked like two sweeps. I was also glad that I was neatly dressed myself, for in a few minutes May's tall, stately father stalked in, snatched the child, and bestowed on her a storm of kisses that resounded through the room. He then turned to Frances, who, with his wife's arm still round her, was sitting up on the bed, as on a dais. She had thrown back the quilt, and was gazing at him, half pleased and half surprised. Lady Merton took her hand, and putting it into her husband's, he kissed it, and straightway began to make a vehement, incoherent speech about his gratitude, his thankfulness, what he should have done if coming home he had found his little one burnt to death, what his wife would have felt, etc., etc. But at a certain point in it, appearing to feel rather a choking sensation, he marched to the window, and then having sobbed two or three times, and called himself a fool quite audibly, he blew his nose violently, and came back as well as ever.

After this, to my relief, they all left the room.

And now I must go back in my narrative, and explain some circumstances, which did not come to my knowledge for some time afterwards.

It appears that some minutes before I awoke, and saw that strange light on the sea, Caroline was also startled by a peculiar noise, and being frightened, jumped out of bed, put on her dressing gown and slippers, and looked out into the passage. As I have before said, she was in the wing of the house with little May; but May, it appears, in her hurry and confusion, she did not think of.

According to her own account, she saw nothing, but thinks that she returned to her own room, and then beheld that ruby light gleaming between the curtains on the water; and ran out of the room, wishing to find Madame, for she was sure something was the matter. She ran to the great staircase of the house, and saw lights glowing under the boards; puffs of smoke seemed to pursue her; and being frightened, she fled before them up to the very top of the house, trying the locked doors, and crying, "Madame, madame!" Then, too much alarmed to know what she did, she tried to run down again; but fire was now visible below. She set her foot upon a board in her rapid descent; it gave way; flames spurted up, and the end of the board struck her on the brow, and she fell down a short flight of stairs. Recovering almost instantly, she sprang down stairs, and found herself among a crowd of people, all rushing to the great front drawing-room, and in her fright, confusion, danger, and pain, she never thought of the child.

She was saved like the other people, and did not know how much she was hurt, till she found herself safe on the sands. She was taken to the farm, and there Frances, already roused and dressed, met her, frantic to know what had become of May, and she said she did not know.

Little May's account was, that she woke in the night, and found the room full of smoke that almost choked her; that Miss Baker was not there, and then she cried as loudly as she could, and called her Miss Chris-tiana Frances a great many times; and she heard "some wicked men shouting outside;" so she got up and crept under the bed to hide herself,—a thing she was in the habit of doing when it thundered, or she was otherwise frightened. This providential habit saved her life. She was almost suffocated when Frances rescued her, finding out her hiding-place by the gasping noise she made.

Frances and the sailor, dragging May between them, crept on their hands and knees along the passage to the house, for the flames pursued them, and prevented their return to the now burning verandah. Then they attained a room which had a servant's ladder-stair in it, and were compelled still to ascend, the fire seeming to force them up, and closing behind. They got up on a higher floor, of which little was left but the platform before mentioned, and they had not stood there long, recovering strength and breath, when the stairs and the room they had come through fell in, and in that dim light of gray morning, though now sitting in the open air, they were not observed from below, the noises being still so great, that they vainly tried to make themselves heard.

The sailor then finding that in that distraction of fear, that confusion of voices, and crackling of flames, his signals and shouting were of no avail, and seeing that they were not likely to be looked for in the right place, resolved to attempt a descent. How he accomplished it we never heard. I suppose it must have been dreadful to see him doing it, for Frances never could be induced to describe it but once, and then she burst into tears, and turned so faint and sick that Madame desired she might never be questioned about it again.

A bewildering day or two followed in the old farm-house. Caroline was still poorly; but her cut was healing satisfactorily, and I, of course, after hearing what she had said of me in her half delirium, was particularly anxious to be attentive and kind to her. Accordingly, I was generally in her room, and she was better pleased to have me than any one else, partly because I was nearest of all the pupils to her own age, partly because she perceived how truly sorry I was for her, and did not know its cause.

Poor Caroline! she was told that May was going away with her parents and with Frances, and she nerved herself to see May. The little girl was led in by me, and clung to me. I could feel her little heart beat.

"May, you are not afraid of me?" said Caroline, in a regretful tone.

The little girl stammered out "No!"

"Kiss me, then, my dear little May; I am glad you are safe, though it is through no care of mine."

I do not know what baby fancies were working in the breast of May, but she appeared to think that by this kiss she should express some kind of reproach of her best friend. She turned away her little face as I lifted her up, burst into tears, and sobbed out, "I *do* love my Miss Christiana Frances."

Caroline, on hearing this, lay down on her couch again and wept. She did not say a word; but as May still sobbed, I said to her, "Caroline wishes you always to love your Miss Frances."

Upon this the little creature rubbed away her tears with her pretty hands, and pursing up her rosy lips, gave Caroline the kiss. Then Caroline said, "Take her away!" but I had scarcely turned to do so, when the door was opened, and Frances came in. She was in her travelling dress, and evidently, though she had sought this meeting, she was in a great fright, while she affected to feel at her ease.

"O, it is you, Frances!"

Frances could not say a word.

"You are going away very soon, I hear," proceeded Caroline.

Still Frances stood mute, and had turned quite pale with agitation.

I wondered at Caroline's calmness.

"I dare say," she said, "you are sorry to see me so disfigured,—though—though—"

"What will she say next?" I thought, in terror; and I dashed into the conversation, by informing Caroline that the travelling party was to start in half an hour. May, in the meantime, had gone down stairs, and Frances, with her cold hand, was holding me to prevent my following her.

"Frances," said Caroline, still the only speaker, "I did think I would not see you before you went; but now I am not sorry I did, for I see how much you pity me."

Frances burst into tears.

"It is very evident though," added Caroline, bitterly, "that you think this,—this bruise a punishment on me. Your distress shows it;" and she went on; "but I suppose you have forgiven me for stealing your child, since she is yours again now, and bound to you for ever!"

There was something so regretful and so painfully calm in Caroline's way of speaking, that it only made Frances cry more and more bitterly, till at last I said, in desperation,

"Frances, if you do not say something, I shall drag you out of the room; you are making Caroline worse."

This seemed to rouse her, and she rose up quite pale with emotion, and knelt beside Caroline's couch, taking her in her arms, and kissing her many times.

Her passion of tears and excessive emotion, so far from distressing Caroline, seemed to soothe her. She returned the embrace of Frances, and when the latter, still utterly unable to command her voice, rose up and hurriedly fled out of the chamber, she really seemed comforted, and lying back on her couch, said to me, with tears,

"Oh, Frances is far better,—far more generous, and more forgiving than I am!"

So May's parents, and Frances, and her little treasure drove away. Caroline got rapidly better, and we all returned to the Willows; but the fair face was always marked with a long narrow, scar, which disfigured the brow, and altered the expression of those beautiful eyes; but whether it proved a permanent memento to her, and whether the providential lesson it should have conveyed was duly learned, I cannot now tell to you, my reader, though at some future period I may take up the thread of Caroline's history again.

We returned, as I said to the Willows, and I believe the scenes we had passed through had solemnized our minds, and been made instrumental in leading our thoughts to deeper and more serious subjects.

More than one of us felt desirous to dedicate to the service of our merciful God those lives which He had so graciously preserved; and though our short-comings have been many, both in remaining childhood and in giddy youth, I still believe that for more than one the perils and terrors of that night of awe had a salutary message, and were not suffered in vain.

What French Brandy is Made of in New York.

An investigation into some of the illicit distilling operations which have been carried on very extensively in Gotham, elicited the fact that *French* brandy is manufactured from the worn-out rollers which printers use to ink their types. These rollers are made of glue and molasses, and it appears that when they are no longer fit for use, they are taken and boiled, to separate the glue from the saccharine matter contained in them, and the latter substance, by distillation, is converted into an alcoholic liquor from which *brandy* is made. To persons of delicate taste, this association of printers' rollers with the popular liquid will not render the official brandy more attractive; but veteran *libbers* will hardly be deterred from indulgence by the nauseating reflection.—*Philada. News.*

African Financiering.

The Indianapolis Herald says the dignitaries of the African church in that city some time ago purchased a lot on Tennessee street, ostensibly for the purpose of erecting a church on it. As soon as it was known in the neighborhood, it created a lively sensation among the property-holders. The real estate malcontents growled "consumedly." The Africans laid low and kept "dark," until finally the neighbors made up a bonus of $1,000, to be donated to the church if they would build it in some other place. The proposition was accepted, and the church will be built over the canal. It also transpired that the Tennessee street operation was only a shrewd bit of financiering to secure a liberal contribution from the white folks to assist in building the church.

☞ At a certain English watering-place, the ladies were in the habit of promenading with their little pet poodle dogs in their arms—a local law forbidding the animals to run about on their own feet. The fashion becoming ridiculous, a young gentleman appeared on the terrace one day with a living lobster in his arms. A scarlet ribbon round its neck supported a little tinkling bell. The parody was impudent but effective; the ladies beat a rapid retreat; and poodles are no longer in vogue at that summer resort.

☞ Speech of the Emperor Napoleon.—In answer to the address of the French Senate, Napoleon said:—"The moral world, like the physical, obeys certain general laws which cannot be infringed without danger. It is not by daily weakening the base of an edifice that the crowning of the building is accelerated. My Government is not stationary; it advances, and it means to advance, but on a ground consolidated, and capable of sustaining power and liberty. Let us call to our aid progress in all its forms, but let us build up, layer after layer, that great pyramid, which has for base universal suffrage, and for its summit the civilizing genuis of France."

☞ A young and beautiful lady in St. Louis, in "fixing up" to attend the Southern Hotel ball, unfortunately used a little too much of a preparation of belladonna, for lending additional brilliancy to the eyes, and temporarily lost her eyesight—a warning which fashionable young ladies would do well to heed.

☞ A little girl in Pennsylvania was lately reproved for playing outdoors with boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But with all imaginable innocence she replied: "Why, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em." Grandma took time to think.

☞ Some people wonder that, under existing circumstances, the price of milk in London has not risen. But the Rinderpest does not affect the Cow with the Iron Tail.

☞ The late Bishop Fitzpatrick used to tell with great unction of a bill of fare he once saw in a Parisian eating-house, where they professed to cook beef-steak like the English: "*Beuf-stek a la god dam.*"

☞ Fashions continue to change with unchanging changeability. For the current week the ladies are wearing their dolls' bonnets and other people's hair. Next week it may be their dolls' hair and other folks' bonnets.

☞ Ever since Dr. Franklin laid small pieces of cloth on snow, and noticed that the darkest-colored sank the deepest, it has been supposed that dark colors absorb and radiate more heat than light ones. But Dr. Tyndall shows conclusively that this is not the case; but that radiation and absorption depend on other conditions than mere color, and that in a number of instances the lightest colors absorb and radiate the most heat. Those who wish to study the question with full details, will do well to look out for the next part of the *Philosophical Transactions*, in which the paper will be published.

☞ Crinoline Going Out.—If Paris is still destined to give the law in matters of female attire, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the days of crinoline are numbered. The doubting Parisienne is gradually abandoning that much-abused institution. For morning dresses the iron cage is still used as a necessary adjunct to the looped up skirt, which it serves to keep high and dry out of the mud. But in the evening it is the fashion to wear a long trailing dress called a *queue à la comète*. What is lost in breadth is more than compensated in length, and it is doubtful whether, as far as general convenience is concerned, this change is for the better.

☞ "Ha!" exclaimed Mr. John Thomas, standing with his coat-tails drawn forwards and his back to the kitchen fire, "I've heer'd a good deal about the cattle complaint, but am sppy to say it aven't yet attacked my calves."

☞ At a recent soiree Napoleon III. entertained the company by singing a ballad.

☞ A few days ago a highly respectable Friend was disowned by the monthly meeting of New York Friends for having a piano in his house!

Sunday.

Sunday is always a festival, never a fast, because it is the weekly celebration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Easter is the anniversary of the resurrection. It is *the* Sunday on which, once a year, the Church celebrates the victory of all victories—the day on which the Church, the body of Christ, triumphs in Christ, and with Christ, over death and hell. Each succeeding first day of the week, or Sunday, is a memorial of Easter triumph and Easter joy. For this reason the six Sundays, occurring during the season of Lent, are not counted as fast days, but only the six days, or the working days, of each week. Thus from Ash Wednesday to Saturday, before Easter, we get a period of forty days of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

Idiocy.—Dr. Ballard, an English physician, who has closely studied the subject of idiocy, holds it not to be hereditary, but produced by influences acting on the individual at birth. In the Asylum at Earlswood, Eng., he says nearly all the idiots, no matter how old, are continually sucking—sucking either their tongues, or fingers, or bedclothes. This arose early in infancy from a want of the infant's natural food, which was only to be got from sucking. The baby went on sucking and swallowing its gastric secretions, and this produced constant dysentery; in many instances it totally destroyed the stomach, withered the creature, and ended in idiocy. Such things took place frequently in the same family, when the parents were of full mental development. This view is greatly engaging the attention of the profession as being of high probability and importance.

☞ The Empress of the French, accompanied by the Princess de Metternich, went out lately on a shooting excursion at Marly. Her Majesty killed 79 head of game.

☞ An immense locomotive weighing 85 tons has been made in France. Thirty tons is a respectable weight hereabouts.

☞ It is suggested that Maximilian can appreciate the order of "the Elephant" with which the King of Denmark has invested him. He has seen it.

☞ The wealthiest congregation in New York city, perhaps in the whole country, is that of the Church of the Ascension, (Episcopal,) in the Fifth Avenue. Their aggregate income last year is shown by the official returns to have been nearly $18,000,000.

☞ They tell of a dairy farm in California which comprises 71,000 acres.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.
An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.
This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENÉ, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!
Dr. J. W. Poland's
WHITE PINE COMPOUND,
Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.
THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES
Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.
Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, feb10-3m Boston, Mass.

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—Doubt at an end. *Consumption.*—Can consumption be cured? is a question that has long agitated the medical world—the answer is of vital importance to the community at large. The numerous cases of prevention resulting from the timely use of Holloway's Pills and Ointment, together with the actual cure of many in an advanced stage would seem to indicate a positive reply to the above query. It is a well known fact that the Ointment will arrest inflammation in its most rapid progress—so that if well rubbed into the chest and back it will penetrate to the very lungs and prevent the spreading of the disease; while the Pills by their anti-septic action will restore the organs to a sound and healthy condition. Delays are dangerous—a dry tickling cough is the first symptom of the disease. Sold by all Druggists.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been extremely quiet during the past week. Sales 6000 bbls, chiefly extra family, at $8,75@9,25 for Northwestern, and $9@10 for good Penna and choice Ohio do, including small lots of superfine at $6,51@7; extras at $7,25@8, and fancy from $11 to 15, according to quality. Small sales of Rye Flour at $4,75.

GRAIN—The Wheat market has been exceedingly quiet. Sales 9000 bus inferior and choice red at $1 70 up to 2 40, chiefly at $2,30@2,35 and white at $2,30@2,75. About 3 00 bus Rye sold, part at 85@90c. Corn, about 40 000 bus yellow sold at 66c, 1500 bus white sold at 70c. Oats, 10,000 bus Penna and Delaware sold at 50c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS continue dull and unsettled. Small sales of new Mess Pork are making at $27@28 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams sell in lots at 20@20c ₩ lb; pickled do at 18@18½c; salt Shoulders at 11½@11¾c, and Lard in bbls and tcs at 19@19½c ₩ lb. Butter; sales of roll at 40@50c, the latter for choice; solid at 25@27c, and Goshen at 50@53c. Cheese; sales of New York factory at 23@24c. Eggs have advanced to 25@27c.

COTTON—Sales 900 bales middlings at 40@41c.

BARK—Sales No 1 Quercitron at $20 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of 2000 lbs yellow at 42½c, cash.

COAL—Cargo sales are reported at $5,25@5,75 ₩ ton.

FRUIT—Green Apples range from $3 to $7 ₩ bbl; old dried do from 8 to 13c; new do from 12 to 14c. Dried Peaches sell at 12@14c for quarters; 18@19c for halves; and 22@30c for pared.

HOPS—New and old Eastern and Western meet a steady inquiry at 50@75c for the former and 30@40c for the latter.

PLASTER—The last sale of soft was at $6,25 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is unsettled—about 600 bus sold from $4,50 to $6,25, the latter figure for very choice lots. Timothy commands $3,75. Small sales of Flaxseed at $2,70@2,75 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum is firm at $2,55. There is a limited trade doing in Whiskey at $2,24@2,26 for Pennsylvania and refilled, and at $2,27@2,28 for Ohio.

WOOL—Sales of common ¼ blood and fine from 50c up to 70c.

Another Testimonial to the Colton Dental Association, 737 Walnut St., Philada.

(From the N. Y. Evangelist.)

"We are slow to believe in the efficacy of new remedies that are offered to the public; but the frequent testimony of clergyman and others of our acquaintance assured us that Dr. COLTON, whose office is No. 737 WALNUT street, has, at last, found means of extracting teeth ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN. Dr. Colton is the recipient of innumerable numbers of letters and testimonials from well known, influential citizens of Philadelphia and New York.
mar31 2t

PEOPLE DIFFER ON MANY POINTS,
BUT ALL AGREE THAT THE
"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing"
"IS THE ONLY INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE"
For Restoring Gray Hair and Preventing Baldness.

1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
2.—It will make the hair grow on bald heads.
3.—It will restore the natural secretions.
4.—It will remove all dandruff and itchings.
5.—It will make the hair soft, glossy and flexible.
6.—It will preserve the original color to old age.
7.—It will prevent the hair from falling off.
8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 240 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.
mar31-eowtf

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2 00, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.
There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-3t

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER. It is really a valuable medicament and unlike most of the patented articles of the day, is used by many physicians. It is particularly desirable in locations where physicians are not near, and in families will often save the necessity of sending out at midnight for a doctor. A bottle should be kept in every house.—*Boston Traveller.*
mar24-2t

TAKE AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL to stop your Colds, Coughs and Bronchial Affections before they run into Consumption that you cannot stop.
mar24-2t

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. GEORGE M. SHREIBLEIN, of Baltimore, to Miss GENEVA R. HOLLINGSWORTH, of this city.
On the 25th of Feb., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., WILLIAM LAYTON to Miss FRANCES E. DOWDELL, both of this city.
On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. ZENO COPE to Miss ANNIE DALLAS, both of this city.
On 4th-day, the 14th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Carter, Mr. JOSEPH J. DOUGHERTY, of Delaware, to Miss EDITH WHITALL, of this city.
On the 21st of Feb., by the Rev. John Chambers, WILLIAM CAMPBELL to SARAH J. SMITH, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

In Idaho City, on the 12th of Jan., MARY S., beloved wife of Dr. E. W. Kirchner, of Portland, Oregon, and daughter of Mary Brooks, of Philada. Due notice will be given when the remains arrive in this city.

Why are the loved ones we cherish the most
The earliest removed away?
The rose that is brightest, sweetest, and best,
Is often the first to decay.

She sleeps in the bosom of her Saviour.
On the 16th instant, Mrs. SUSAN LEHMANDE, in her 69th year.
On the 17th instant, Rev. F. AUGUSTUS WILLARD, in his 58th year.
On the 15th instant, Col. ROBERT CARR, in his 89th year.

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus.
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache.
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles. P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

AGUA de MAGNOLIA.

A toilet delight! The ladies' treasure and gentlemen's boon! The "sweetest thing" and largest quantity. Manufactured from the rich Southern Magnolia. Used for bathing the face and person, to render the skin soft and fresh, to prevent eruptions, to perfume clothing, &c.

It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c.
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It co ls softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.
DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan20-eowdm. Props. Exclusive Agents, N. Y.

$1 CHANGED INTO $20, $30 OR $100. Full particulars and sample mailed on receipt of a red stamp. Address J. THOMPSON, 81 Nassau Street, New York. mar31-tf

CHANCE FOR EVERYBODY.—SEVERAL valuable patents for sale. Shop's as low as $10, Towns $20, Cities $30, Counties $50, and States $50 and up. Terms the very easiest ever known. Address pamphlets, with stamp, A. J. RITTER, Rahway, N. J. mar 17-4t

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we find the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet heart-picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broidering vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unsurpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that reserves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of men and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustrating "The Forsaken Wife" is full of tragic pathos; a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A captivating bertha, a breakfast dress, useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with basque, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from Festus—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave; "Maud's Temptation," picturing for parents the evil influences of some fashionable boarding-schools; "Rescued by a Ghost;" the continued story, "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the rival characters so winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the tale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dresses, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Fashions, conclude our list of attractions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 6 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

A Scientific Wonder.

EUROPEAN POCKET TIMEKEEPER.

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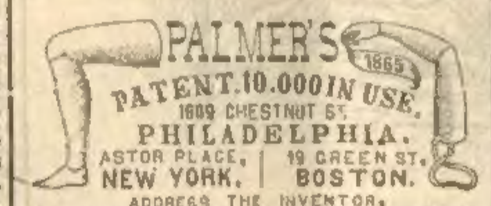

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L
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(From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.)

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A
(From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.)

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

(From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passyunk Baptist Church, Philada.)

From the many respectable recommendations given to Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

(From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.)

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
936 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N
Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

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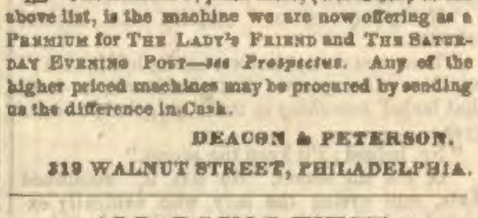

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Count 'Em.

Several years ago there was the annual three-days "muster" of certain Western Massachusetts regiments held at Northampton, in that state. "High Private," in one of the companies, was the friend I wrote of; and jolly good times he and two or three more choice spirits made for their comrades-in arms. Now, 'round about camp, various sutlers, showmen, and other outside barbarians had pitched their tents, for the purpose of relieving the militia of their small change. Of course they succeeded admirably. One evening, ——— and some score of his friends were outside the lines, having a good time. Roving from point to point they came upon a tent, outside of which a burly man was shouting:

"Walk up! Walk! Walk right in and see the great Kentucky giantess, the horse with six legs, and nary two alike; the living anacondas, and a man that swallows a sword and eats small rocks for supper—all for ten cents!"

"By Jove, boys," said ———, "*that* sounds good! Let's go in."

A smile overspread the features of the door-keeper at the "fat take" before him.

"Many in?" inquired ———.

"Lots! Full of soldiers!" replied the door-keeper. "It's worth the money; *only* ten cents! Pass right in."

"*Count* 'em!' said ———.

"All right," quoth the guardian of the show. "Pass right in, gentlemen!"

And about thirty passed in.

"Have you *counted* 'em?" inquired ———.

"All right! Thirty-two, an' *you'll* make thirty-three," said the doorkeeper, extending his hand for the money.

"Oh, *I'm* not goin in!" quoth ———.

"*You* ain't?" said the man, a horrible suspicion crossing his mind.

"No; *I'm* going back to camp," said ———. "Good-night!"

Then, if you could have seen that infuriated door-keeper speed to the mysterious interior of the tent.

There were at least a hundred persons crowded within its canvas walls, all in uniform.

"Here! Look a here! I counted *you*, I believe. Didn't I count *you?* Wasn't *you* counted?"

Thus he flew from blue-coat to blue; but not a soul owned up, and thirty men saw the snakes and things for "nothin'."

It was a bad sell, decidedly.

A Sharp Girl.

We lately heard a good story of a young lady, who, though both accomplished and pretty, was of almost masculine force of character, and strongly endowed with the magic of the De Medicis—the influence which a strong mind exerts over a weak one. This magic had been by her pretty liberally exerted on a good-natured, doting, elderly relative, to such an extent that he left her all his property—after which, in due course of time, he up and died. One day a cat-like, vixenish old maiden aunt amused herself by spiteful insendoes as to the manner in which this fortune had been obtained.

"How was it, Miss Kate, that your uncle came to leave you all that money? Did it all of his *own accord*, I suppose?"

"You do not seem to have heard," replied the heiress, "how he was induced to bequeath me his property?"

"Mercy on us, no!" replied the ancient spinster.

"Then you do not know what he left it with?" was the calm query. But there was a look that boded *something* in the young lady's dark eyes.

"No, indeed; I'll keep the secret."

"O, it's no secret. He left it," continued Kate, still eyeing the lady, who evidently expected to hear of some aggravating condition, or some perplexing cause—"he left it with—with—in short he left it with—A WILL!"

The old lady went off with a snarl.

The Wedding Market.

At a recent dinner of the friends of some "amalgamated benefit associations," a wit descanted on this subject, and gave the following as the "report" of the present state of the wedding market:—Spinsters: *Light* articles not in demand; *richer* sorts much inquired after; terms generally prompt. This restricts the market. *Mediums*, well made, and carefully got up, are steadily on the advance. Widows rule firm, and if substantial, are occasionally inquired after. Bachelors: All sorts of goods find a ready market. In the finer class, swells have nearly disappeared, and a more serviceable article is now offered. Here, too, the mediums are most sought after; the texture is finer and more serviceable than heretofore. Flimsy and unwarranted goods are flat. Old maids and old bachelors—quantities of previous years' goods encumber the warehouses, and are not quoted. If sought after by speculators for export, no doubt good articles may be found at easy prices.

On Her Feet.

On the occasion of the marriage of a young lady in one of the suburban cities of Boston, recently, Mrs. O'Blarney, who had been confidential washerwoman in the family for "many moons," was honored with an invitation. She was on hand in season, dressed in gorgeous array, and was assigned to an honorable seat in the parlor, whereof she determined to maintain the dignity regardless of expense. While the guests were assembling, a young lady who was looking up her acquaintances in the party, came face to face with Mrs. O'Blarney, whom she knew professionally, and expressing considerable astonishment, asked, "How did you come here?" Mrs. O'Blarney straightened up a peg, and answered with so much emphasis that the whole company heard: "As I shall go to me grave—on me two feet!"

MRS. PARTINGTON PUZZLED.—"A lot of copper ore in pigs!" said Mrs. Partington, as her eye caught an account of some smelting operations; "I don't wonder they have the scrofula and everything else that is bad. I dare say their lard is nothing but verdigrease, for copper is very dilatorious and pigs is human." "Pigs aren't human, neither," said Ike, putting his oar in, "and it means pigs of copper." Mrs. Partington looked at him seriously a moment. "Well," said she, "if pigs isn't human, some humans are more like pigs, and so there is but little difference." She gazed from the window a moment, which Ike improved by cutting a sled rope off of the old lady's clothes line.

BAD WEATHER HAS ITS SUNNY SIDE.

At least so think Captain O'Leary and Miss Julia S——h.

A Solomon.

It so happened that the good citizens of a Louisiana town elected to the important position of Justice a full-set, lager-beer-shaped Dutchman—just as stupid as he looked. He spoke French as well as German. On a certain occasion two Frenchmen got into a quarrel, and after belaboring each other pretty soundly, resolved to settle the matter by a suit before our friend.

"Well, now," said the Alderman, with all the gravity of a Judge, "how will you be tried?—by French law or United States law?"

Both being French, agreed to be tried by the laws of France.

"Well, now, Henri," said his Honor, "you struck Jonas."

"Yes."

"Well, now, Jonas, you struck Henri."

"Yes."

"Well, then, you are both guilty, and by French law I fine you each five dollars!"

The parties paid the fine, and left poorer if not wiser men.

Tit for Tat.

It is stated that a volume is in preparation, to contain a memoir and sermons of the late Rev. William Barns, a Methodist minister of considerable celebrity in Eastern Pennsylvania. We wonder whether the book will contain a narrative of an encounter he once had with a daughter of Eve. A person who was present at the time related to us that on one occasion, when Mr. Barns was preaching in the suburbs of Philadelphia, the house being crowded, a young woman, sitting in the gallery near the pulpit end of the church, arose in the midst of the discourse, and slowly made her way out. The preacher stopped and fixed his eye upon her until she came around to the head of the staircase opposite to him, when he called out to her, "Good-night, daughter of the devil." The young woman, with the utmost composure, turned round, and replied, "Good-night, father." A minister who leaves his own ground to contend with worldly weapons, is likely to fall, and we cannot complain if he does.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A Conscientious Dutchman.

One of the most conscientious Dutchmen ever known was porter in a commission-house in Cincinnati, and sometimes sold some of the merchandise when the proprietors were absent. He was a good salesman, and a pretty good judge of money, but in one of his sales he took in a very suspicious-looking $5 bill, and when the book-keeper took it to the bank, the bank refused it and pronounced it spurious, but said it was an excellent imitation. The book-keeper returned it to the porter, and told him to return it to the party of whom he received it. About a week afterwards, the book-keeper, thinking he had had time to see the party and get another note, asked the porter if he had returned the spurious "V." "Vell," he said, "dat man vot gave me dat bill he didn't comed around already, and some days I tink de bill vas goot, and some days I tink de bill vas bad; so one of dem days vot I tink the bill vas goot I passed him out!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DISINTEGRATING SOILS.

The probability is that if the exact truth could be ascertained, we should find that quite one-sixth of the crop capacity of all our cultivated fields everywhere, is annually absolutely thrown away in *clods*. Some surly old cynic, a great many years since, sneeringly applied to us delvers in the dirt the ill-natured epithet of "*clod hoppers.*" Well, the old vinegar cruet, whoever he might have been, was not so wide off the truth after all. There are more "clod-hoppers" among honest farmers than there are gentlemen among sour cynics.

A great many farmers, intelligent upon many points, make serious mistakes in preparing soils for crops. Something beyond deep ploughing and liberal manuring is requisite to produce best results. Something far short of the extravagant range in either, ought always to give better satisfaction.

That is, ploughing judiciously, at the proper season—when the land is in the best possible condition, and then the thorough pulverization of the soil. Many a fertile acre, after ploughing, re-ploughing, and planting; carries through the season, looked up in clods from the size of a grape-shot to that of a tennis ball, more fertility than liberated in the spring by better disintegration, would have added one-sixth—often a fourth to the yield, and saved a useless expenditure for manure to an equal amount.

The mistake begins usually in ploughing land when it is too wet, thereby packing it like a pressed brick, so that a large per cent. of its best fertility is sealed up, requiring a wasteful outlay of after labor in counter-ploughing, harrowing, and rolling, in order to pulverize it, and after all, in too frequent instances, the work can be but imperfectly accomplished, and there is so much of the soil absolutely thrown away.

If the farmer could always command teams and time, sub-soiling would in all cases be the economical rule. Run the surface plough first, say seven inches deep, and follow directly in its wake with the subsoiler, lifting and disintegrating as much as possible the damper, more compact sub-stratum, and then as the *turned over* portion of the soil would be light and porous, disintegration by counter-ploughing, harrowing and rolling, might be more readily and thoroughly achieved. But as only about ten in a thousand of us can command these conditions, the next best plan is for us to plough as we can, when our land is in the best possible order, working early and late—an hour or two by moonlight occasionally—never mind all their *eight hour* legislating and preaching in ploughing, planting and harvest time—then lie by and rest, or do something else, whenever we find our field so wet that the furrow falls from the mold board like a long length of broad rubber belting instead of crumbling down freely disintegrated as it ought.

Count that day lost that has been given to ploughing, when you look back upon long lines of furrows beautifully turned, superbly pressed, their shining surfaces glossy as a satin vest.

In vegetable gardening, thorough pulverization should be the invariable rule—knock the clods to pieces—disintegrate—beat every lump the size of your fist into atomic usefulness. There is money laid by useless in every lump—a little in each—a good deal in the aggregate. Beat it out of that, pulverize, dig, disintegrate, and economize manure and money.

LIVE FENCES.

Three Missouri farmers have been asking our opinion as to the best material they can use for live fences on low, river bottom lands, occasionally flooded. We are not a very experienced *hedger* on any field, but we can tell them what we have seen in the way of *live hee* fences—twice in Missouri, once in Arkansas, two or three or times in Texas, and once in Western Virginia. Some one else may possibly take the hint, and tell us a great deal more.

In the two Missouri instances the land was low, and overflowed pretty regularly every spring. Honey locust trees, averaging from one to four inches in diameter, were gathered from the woods and planted in the fall, in a row, following the winding of the stream some fifteen feet from it, and four feet apart in the row. Nearly every tree lived and grew bravely, and the second fall after setting out, a beginning was made at the lower end of the line, by a hack with an axe near the ground, cutting the tree half through. It was then pulled over, top down stream, and its top weighted so that it could not get up.

Then the next tree was treated in like manner, lapping the first, and the top laid just without the first, towards the stream, so that the current, in case of a rise, could not sweep it round and break the line. The two trunks were secured to each other with withes. Thus the work was continued, until the trees were all laid down and secured.

The proprietors of both fences informed us that the first flood was unusually severe; but the Locust Brigade stood to their work bravely, never budging for all the rush of water—the *debris* lodged and filled in rapidly, covering almost entirely before the flood subsided the trunks of the trees with a rich alluvial deposit, from which in a short time sprang up vigorous shoots in great numbers, which grew rapidly, making by fall a very fair fence.

On the following season there was another overflow, more deposits, more shoots, a thicker fence—a most efficient *levee*, and ever since, they had without further cost, as good a hedge as they want, and although the annual floods have been as great as formerly, the stream was effectually fenced out by the self-made *levee*, and they have had no overflow of the land, since its creation.

The experiments of the Arkansas and Texan proprietors were very nearly the same, and results were quite as satisfactory.

The Western Virginia man did something better, in our opinion, in the manner of laying down his locusts—but is nothing else. Instead of hacking them half off with an axe, he simply grubbed on the up stream side, cut the lateral binding roots, and then the tree was easily laid down, leaving the trunk, the top root, and all the down stream supports intact.

Now as every experiment that came under our observation was a satisfactory success, and as the honey locust may be had in almost all the wooded regions of Missouri, as well as in many of the other Western states and territories, we should say to our neighbors out West, that a *low live* honey locust fence seems to us to be feasible enough.

BE CAREFUL OF THE ROOTS.

Quite one half of the whole number of us who plough, weed, hoe, dig and scratch about grains, plants, shrubs and vegetables of all sorts, are semi-barbarians (innocently and ignorantly,) in our cutting, slashing, hacking and mangling of roots. It is almost a miracle how plants do manage to survive the unmerciful culture we have frequently seen them subjected to. They could not, unless they were as tenacious of life as a rat.

For a great many years, until the microscope better educated us, we all used to talk and write and argue knowingly of the extremities of roots of plants, calling them *Spongioles*, and confidently declared that we could detect the minute *lampreys* sucking up aliment to supply the plant structure above ground.

Now we *know* that this theory was all a silly error; that instead of an infinity of atomic suckers terminating the roots of plants with myriads of mouths, the root fabric is a beautiful arrangement of microscopic fibre in its terminations, all acting by absorbtion, taking up food not in the gross condition that sucker mouths must necessarily have done, but in the most perfectly assimilated condition required by the plant for its best health and vigor. And having learned this, we ought as a necessity of such knowledge, to know also that any disturbance, or violence done to the delicate fibrous root structure by careless cultivation, strikes a direct blow at the life and vigor of the plant itself. So in all our digging, ploughing, scratching and cultivating, let us be careful of the roots.

RECEIPTS.

Picture Frames.

A correspondent has asked for a receipt for making picture frames. We give the following:—

There are several ways of making inexpensive frames. One is to have a bookbinder's board cut into any form the picture demands, pasting dark paper or muslin over it, and using the Norway fir cones for covering. Shell the larger leaves off the cone, cut them smooth and glue them over the frame, to lie as the shingles of a roof—or with the points inner, and overlying each other. You may purchase wall paper imitating several woods, and paste neatly over a pine or other picture frame. When dry, varnish with two coats copal, and at a distance the illusion is almost complete. Toy cottages may be made in this way, of binders' board cut into cottage form, with deep gables, glass pasted inside for windows, papering the sides, &c., then gluing on the roof, and afterwards the cones. Give two coats of copal varnish when dry.

LEATHER WORK.

The leather used for this purpose is called blank leather by dealers. It can be had at any leather and morocco store at from 50 to 75 cts. a skin. The leaves or flowers are to be drawn with a black lead pencil on the smoothest side of the leather, and then cut out with a small pair of pointed scissors—they are then to be thrown into a cup of clear cold water until they are saturated with moisture, when they are to be laid on a towel, and are ready for being shaped or veined, according to the shape and veining of the leaf or flower they are meant to represent (but never, as you love nature, according to your fancy); use your ingenuity to the utmost in devising modes of imitating accurately, but do not try to invent other forms than her gracious hand supplies. Most leaves can be shaped by the finger, after the veins have been drawn upon the damp surface, which is best done with a rather blunt point of anything almost—knitting-needle or steel stiletto. Many flowers should be veined in the same manner, and most of them can be shaped by the finger—others, such as jasmine or convolvulus, can be made cupshaped, by pressing a round piece of leather into the mouth of a bottle, and drawing the edges down tightly over the lip of it—varying the size of the bottle to suit the size of the flower, from the smallest homœopathic, up to any size required—they should be laid gently on a paper to dry, and are then ready for use.

To ornament frames of all kinds, for mirrors, pictures, &c., for brackets, baskets, bonnets, &c., &c., they can be fastened on surfaces by nailing, sewing (which is best when possible) or gluing. The arrangement of them, for different purposes, gives room for the exercise of nice taste and discrimination; be careful to use the foliage proper to the flower, and do not surround grapes with rose leaves, nor jasmine with grape tendrils.

If intended to represent carved wood, they may be varnished, but they lose something of delicacy and beauty in the process.

The varnish should be best copal, applied with a camel's hair paint brush.

The easiest way to draw the outlines is to cut the intended shape out of thin pasteboard, (a visiting card, for instance;) lay it on the leather and trace round it with a pencil. E. W. T.

A PRAIRIE RECEIPT.

I wish to impart a recipe, which we have found *very* good here on the prairie, where we are blessed with but little green fruit, and dried apples are 25 cts. per pound. Put in a skillet, and set over the stove one pint of good molasses; while it is coming to the boil beat in a bowl two eggs, and one table-spoonful of flour; add half a pint of good vinegar, mix well together, and when the molasses boils stir in, and have a slow fire till it *just* comes to boiling heat. Take immediately off, pour out, and grate in nutmeg, or any kind of essence preferred. AUNT LOVICY.

OLD FOWLS.

Fowls of doubtful age may safely be converted into a pudding. The fowl should be trussed as for boiling, and enveloped in a crust roly-poly fashion—that is, the pudding cloth tied at both ends. Boil for five hours, by which time an old fowl acquires a degree of tenderness which it would never attain by ever so careful boiling or roasting. The flavor of the dish is considerably increased by stuffing the fowl with veal stuffing or forcemeat of any kind. Sausage meat is good.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 22, 10, 24, 25, is a city in Maine.
My 3, 14, 21, 9, is the opposite of my 8, 4, 16.
My 5, 24, 18, 4, 6, 24, 10, was a besieged city.
My 13, 19, 16, 24, 20, received just punishment.
My 12, 2, 23, 1, is part of a ship.
My 22, 4, 12, 2, 16, one among the first heroes sacrificed.
My 6, 23, 27, 1, 10, 2, is a girl's name.
My 7, 26, 9, 12, is a kind of knife.
My 13, 25, 19, 24, 2, is a color.
My 22, 5, 18, 15, 20, 17, is a country in Central America.
My 24, 4, 16, is a staple production of North Carolina.
My 8, 14, 7, 2, 9, 21, 28, was the greatest army in the world.
My 24, 14, 11, is a number.
My 8, 21, 16, 23, 13, 17, 27, 18, is hard to say.

My whole is the names and address of the writers.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 10, 15, 1, 14, 4, is used by the doctors.
My 16, 1, 11, 13, is a relative.
My 14, 17, 16, 13, is an insect.
My 5, 13, 3, 2, 6, 7, is a man's name.
My 8, 9, 7, 13, 12, 15, is a near relative.
My 10, 16, 13, belongs to the week.

My whole is the name of a Union general in the late war. HARRY J. WALTER.

Davenport, Iowa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 4, 41, 8, 6, 15, 33, 5, 19, 25, 1], is an island in North America.
My 12, 15, 45, 39, is a cape in South America.
My 44, 13, 36, 5, 22, 31, 30, 1, 11, 23, 44, 14, is the capital of one of the United States.
My 2, 5, 15, 10, 27, 28, 34, 44, 45, 11, is the capital of one of the countries in South America.
My 17, 54, 11, 39, 20, 27, is a gulf in Africa.
My 48, 23, 15, 26, 44, 42, 46, is a peninsula in the United States.
My 1, 11, 21, 9, 24, 43, 15, 54, 55, 12, is a town in New Hampshire.
My 1, 35, 50, 52, 28, 49, is a river in Brazil.
My 12, 22, 29, 55, 37, 51, 35, 24, is a cape in the United States.
My 56, 18, 21, 38, 47, is a mountain in South America.
My 12, 54, 32, 24, 15, 16, is a strait in North America.
My 3, 21, 5, 7, is a lake in the United States.
My 5, 40, 27, 12, 15, is a territory.

My whole are the names of four distinguished men in the United States.

LAURA AND MAY.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A precious stone.
A chain of mountains in Asia.
A river in Maine.
A kind of plaster.
A bird of prey.
A wooden cup.

The initials and finals form the names of two Presidents of the United States.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A and B can do a piece of work in 6 2-15 days, A and C in 6⅔ days, B and C in 8 8-9 days. In what time can A, B and C, working together, do the same piece of work?

Mason City, Iowa. H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two poles are standing on a horizontal plane. A rope 100 feet long will just reach from the top of the higher to the foot of lower one; also, a rope 75 feet long will just reach from the top of the lower pole to the foot of the higher one. A perpendicular 8 feet long will extend from the plane to the point where the ropes touch each other. Required—the distance these poles are asunder. METHOTO.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a man in search of the philosopher's stone like Neptune? Ans.—Because he is a *seeking* what don't exist.

☞ Why is love like a Scotch plaid? Ans.—It is all stuff and often crossed.

☞ Why is an author the most peculiar of all animals? Ans.—Because his tail (tale) comes out of his head.

☞ Which is the cheaper, a bride or a bridegroom?" Ans.—The bride; she is always *given away*, the bridegroom is sometimes *sold*.

☞ Why does the railway clerk cut a hole in your ticket? Ans.—To let you pass through.

☞ When were there only two vowels? Ans.—In the days of no a (Noah,) before u and i (you and I were born.)

☞ Was Eve high or low church?—Ans.—Adam thought her *Eve angelical.*

☞ Why is a bad shot like an amusing fellow? Ans.—Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post. ENIGMA—Agriculture, Commerce, Arts, Literature. ENIGMA—Stephen Paul Sheffield. CHARADE—Tale (late—lea—ale—Al—la!)

☞ An old man, seventy-seven years of age, a county pauper, in Indianapolis, Ind., a few yeas ago was the most popular preacher of the Baptist Church in that locality, but he loved whiskey, and drank it, and he is now preaching, in his life, a more powerful sermon to drunkards than he could ever preach verbally.